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THE
NATION

MARCH 13, 1972 *50 cents*

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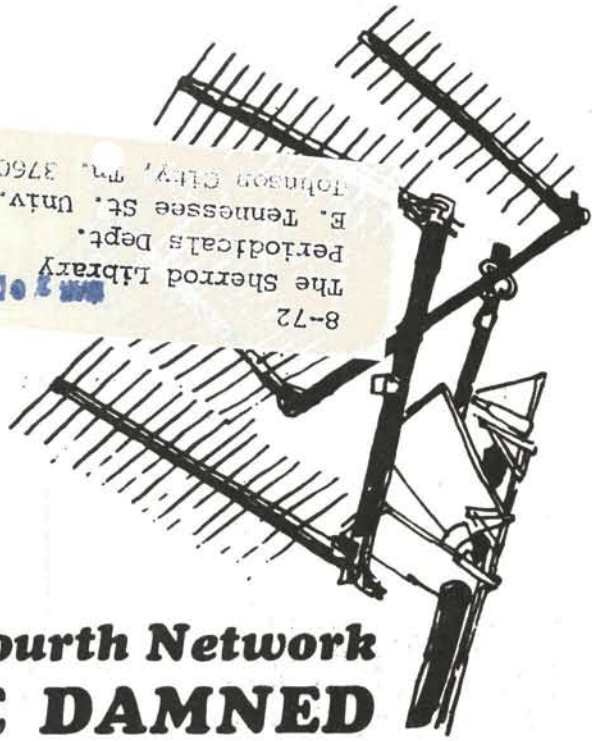

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QUITE A BIT OF EVERYTHING

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LETTERS

they accepted, didn't they?

Pomona, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: While it is a dubious distinction to be invited to the White House to witness the presentation of a medal to anyone connected with *Reader's Digest*, your editorial slur at Dr. Sidney Hook and Irving Kristol was out of order [Feb. 14]. Neither is a right-wing luminary. Both are men who believe in intellectual honesty, parliamentary procedure, dissent but not disruption, and so far as Sidney Hook is concerned, a genuine belief that the college campus is not the place where all political problems should gravitate; moreover, a sincere commitment to the concept that academic achievement ought to be the only criterion by which one is selected for a university faculty position.

It is, however, scandalous to witness Billy Graham in attendance at such functions.

As for the outburst of Carole Feraci, that act can be criticized more than praised because she chose the wrong forum for a well-meaning deed, and one wonders whether she has the right to hold an audience captive in that manner and in such setting.

Elliott A. Cohen

etiquette

Jamaica, Vt.

DEAR SIRS: For one brief moment Carole Feraci held the undivided attention of millions of TV viewers when she spoke her piece at a White House dinner given to award Freedom Medals to the DeWitt Wallaces of the *Reader's Digest*. "If Jesus Christ was in this room tonight, you would not dare to drop another bomb," she said, referring to our air war in Vietnam. When she was asked to leave the room, she said, "Certainly," and left quietly. . . .

A wealthy New York real estate dealer was heard to say, "Throw the bum out." And the Attorney General's gracious wife spouted, "I think she should be torn limb from limb." One is forced to think of the Vietnamese country people squatting in caves, dining on a handful of rice garnered from fields subjected to U.S. bombing and "free fire zone" tactics.

An NBC commentator spoke of "bad manners." Can the moral problem be hidden behind references to etiquette?

Mark Worthen

Nixon logic

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: At his press conference on Feb. 10 Mr. Nixon said: "There is in my view . . . a very great difference between . . . criticizing the conduct of the war and criticisms by a Presidential candidate of a policy to end the war." Expanding on this thought, Robert B. Semple, Jr. writes in *The New York Times* on Feb. 11 that Mr. Nixon recalled how he himself "had not been happy with President Johnson's conduct of the war." But Nixon went on to add that, in Semple's words, "after he had become a candidate . . . he had not attacked Mr. Johnson's efforts to achieve a negotiated settlement."

Now all this is very interesting. . . . Though they enjoy telling the public how it was a progression of Democratic administrations that got us into Vietnam while it is a Republican Administration that is pulling us out, the truth is the Republican Party supported the war from the start. If ever there has been a bipartisan war it was in Vietnam. And as for Richard Nixon . . . the only thing he did not like about Johnson's war policies is that they didn't go far enough. It was Nixon who, long before taking office, felt we should

(Continued on page 340)

EDITORIALS

Question Time

Now that the President and his traveling troupe have returned, we know what we could reasonably have assumed before he left—that the main importance of the journey was the fact that he made it. There are of course fringe benefits: a direct line of communication; the hope of cultural, journalistic, educational and scientific exchanges; the possibility of eventual recognition and formal relations; and beyond that, trade and tourist opportunities. Not least, the trip marks the end of the Dulles determination to prevent any normal relations between the United States and China to the end that China might eventually turn away from communism.

Nearly all the politicians seem inclined to applaud all this with some degree of enthusiasm. One exception is Hubert Humphrey who, having succumbed to unbridled opportunism, insists on doing to Nixon what Nixon did to the Democrats in years past—he baits him for "having pulled the rug out from under the Nationalist Chinese." Other Democrats are well advised to put this temptation aside.

But there's one large hole in the President's handling of the issues related to the trip, and until that omission is repaired the applause should be restrained.

What is conspicuously lacking—and it is odd that amidst the flood of comment it has gone unnoticed—is a clear, persuasive statement of the reasons for his turnabout. Part of the ethics of leadership in a democratic society is to display a minimal amount of candor; without it, communication becomes a travesty. The Executive is obliged to offer the people, for their understanding and possible comment and criticism, some idea of how he reaches decisions on key issues. In the present case, we are entitled to a statement of the evolution—assuming there has been an evolution—of Mr. Nixon's thinking and a definition of the position he now maintains.

For Mr. Nixon, personally, this trip would seem to reflect a reversal of political views. Has he changed his mind? If so, why doesn't he say that he has, and explain why? He has not said that he made a mistake when, with conspicuous lack of humor, he urged the unleashing of Chiang Kai-shek. He has not said that he made a mistake when he embraced the position of the China Lobby. He has not said that he regrets the expenditure of all those billions in a vain effort to encircle, frustrate, annoy and possibly topple the Chinese regime. He has not said that he regrets his part in having kept China out of the U.N., and in having fashioned those "twenty-two years of hostility" which he now claims credit for ending. He has not said that he regrets the basis of U.S. policy toward China, which was a prime factor in setting the stage for the war in Vietnam.

What specifically does the President think *today* about such matters as these? Has U.S. policy been mistakenly geared to the idea of containment? Has that idea failed in the East, as it has failed elsewhere? Was it a mistake to make such extensive and binding commitments to Chiang Kai-shek, who is now in a position to accuse us of bad faith? Was it a mistake to try to keep China in the international doghouse for those twenty-two years?

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Or, approaching the matter from the opposite direction, does the President now hold that the Chinese have changed? If so, in what directions, to what extent, and from our viewpoint, how reliably? If he thinks that they have not changed, but the situation has, in what respects has it changed, and with what implications?

It is clearly implied that he assumes that China does not threaten us today, but surely that cannot mean that he thinks China is weaker today than it was when he, among others, pictured it as a menace. If the Chinese do not threaten us today, because they are preoccupied with the threat to them from Russia, does he look with favor on this enmity, which contains the seeds of World War III?

Finally, has Mr. Nixon perceived the dangers of a black-and-white, Manichean attitude in foreign affairs? When did this enlightenment occur, if in fact it has occurred? Or is he engaged in a *rapprochement* with China in the hope of getting us out of the Indochinese war; if so, what makes him think that approach is promising? We can get ourselves out, if we will; indeed, is there any other feasible exit?

We are not suggesting that the President should pronounce a humiliating *mea culpa*. Former Sen. Thruston Morton had the courage to say that he had been mistaken about Vietnam, and so did Senator Muskie. It is more difficult for a President, but not even he can claim immunity from the obligation to explain a radical change of course.

Bismarckian, Metternichean politics will not work in a society like ours. That is why Vietnam blew up in the faces of Mr. Nixon's and Dr. Kissinger's predecessors. People want to know. In China and the Soviet Union, they also want to know, but are shy to say so. Here, however, "why" and "how" and "when" are perfectly respectable words. It is the President's obligation to hear them and to respond.

Leaning on the President

Now that the President is back, the parties must get on with the campaign. Senator Dole assures us that Mr. Nixon will make some appearances in several states—if, that is, he can be assured that the occasions will be nonpolitical. The proviso is absurd, and the Senator knows it. There are no nonpolitical appearances in a campaign year. If the President were to dedicate a shrine to motherhood, it would be a political act. He will make carefully calculated appearances in key states and the calculations will be wholly political. As in the past, everything Mr. Nixon does is political, including the darker dye he is using on his hair. He will appear, smile, talk about his "journey for peace," raise his arms in semaphoric exuberance, and depart, leaving many voters feeling that, like Chiang Kai-shek, they've been had.

The President will perform this ritual and will do nothing more—unless the Democrats take the issues to him, somewhat along the lines suggested in the editorial above. With rare exceptions to date, they have not been doing so. To some extent that is inevitable in the pre-convention phase, when the Democrats are running against one another, not against Nixon.

But they make a grave mistake by letting him set the

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rules for the campaign, while they slug it out in Florida, New Hampshire, Wisconsin, or wherever they can find an audience to watch them bruise one another. However great or small a chance of each for eventual victory, they all have a common adversary. Why can't they nominate a team of noncandidates to start shaping the issues in the only way in which they can be effectively shaped—by taking the fight to the President, as Senator Kennedy is doing?

Issues abound: foreign policy in a dozen aspects—the state of the economy—unemployment—civil rights—the cities—law and order—ecological damage—mass transit—educational policy—taxes. And the trade deficit, the precarious state of the dollar, inflation, the cost of living, child care, and so on in an almost endless list.

Now that Mr. Nixon's animosity toward the media has turned into a warm mellow glow (how the fellow can twist), perhaps he will start holding regular press conferences and answering a few questions. Perhaps, but it is not likely, unless the opposition leans on him. He will continue to float above the issues, taking evasive action whenever he sees one approaching. He is a very cuttlefish for sepia clouds of rhetoric.

The campaign is the thing, the campaign ahead of everything else. There is no blinking the fact that the President has gained votes by his pilgrimage to Peking, but votes blow where they list, and it is up to the Democrats to begin taking votes away from him. The sooner they start, the better the chance for their nominee—whoever that may be.

CAMPAIGN '72
The Vanishing Family Farm

When *Factories in the Field* was first published in 1939 I was accused of exaggerating the extent to which the large-scale corporate farm was making inroads on the traditional family-sized farm. Thirty-three years later it is evident that, on the contrary, I grossly understated the danger. I did not foresee "the tentacles of Tenneco," I did not anticipate the present invasion of "conglomerates" (see article p. 332). It did not occur to me that, within a generation, the large-scale corporate farms of the late 1930s would be threatened by still larger concentrations of power. It was even more difficult then than now to make the point that the real issue in the perennial "small farm, large farm" controversy is one of social efficiency. Apologists for corporate farming interests—numerous, well financed (some of them ensconced in comfortable academic posts), with ready access to the media—insisted that the large corporate farm was more efficient. Besides, it spread economic benefits throughout society, principally in the form of lower prices for food. Therefore let competition take its course; let the economically fittest survive. But economic efficiency is a tricky concept. It is wasteful, not efficient, to pay huge subsidies to large corporate farms as a bonus for not raising crops. If one judges agriculture efficiency in terms of yields per acre, the evidence shows that for many crops the family-operated farm has the better record; that, unhappily, does not insure its survival. The truth is the family-sized farm—actually a very flexible concept—could survive if given a chance; it is done in by the fact that the corporate farms, and more recently the conglomerates, command the power (financial, political, organizational) to mock the idea of fair competition.

This central issue of social efficiency, touched on in the recent California hearings conducted by a subcommittee chaired by Senator Stevenson, will engage the attention of the Senate Monopoly Subcommittee which on March 1 resumed hearings into corporate gigantism. Dr. Walter Goldschmidt is scheduled to be a lead-off witness, and once again we shall be reminded of his study of two farming communities in the San Joaquin Valley—of Arvin, surrounded by large-scale corporate farms, and of Dinuba, with its family-sized farms—and of his conclusion that, measured by social and civic criteria, the latter is the better, more stable community. But the Dinubas of rural America, and even the small cities that serve as shopping and service centers for farming communities, cannot survive without the family farm.

A library of books, studies, investigations and reports has been devoted to the family-sized farm. Over the years, the phrase has acquired almost sacred overtones, in large part because generations of Americans were raised to believe that rural meant virtuous. But today, for perhaps the first time, the problem of how to save the family farm may be shaping up as a live political issue. In the past the standard remedy, of both parties, for rural distress has been a ritualistic increase in farm prices in election years (Secretary of Agriculture Butz is now urging such a boost). That may quiet farm unrest to some extent, but it will not "save the family farm." More drastic remedies are needed.

Fortunately, the current hearings will focus on comprehensive new legislation sponsored jointly by Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) and Rep. James Abourezk (D., S.D.). Their proposal is not a cure-all, but it points in the right direction. It should be emphasized that today, also for perhaps the first time, the issue of the family farm has broad implications. For one thing, the plight of the cities dramatically underscores the need to achieve a better rural-urban balance. No longer does expression of a concern for the viability of rural communities sound dull, unenterprising, mildly regressive. In much the same way, ecological concerns have stimulated a reconsideration of the importance of rural America. The emergence of Cesar Chavez's pioneering United Farm Workers—it has just signed its first contract in Florida—implies that the interests of farm workers must now be considered. So too, the spreading popularity among small farmers of the idea of "collective bargaining" suggests that a note of realism is entering the endless colloquy about the family farm.

Senator Nelson and Representative Abourezk are concerned with the economic, social and cultural effects on small town and rural America of the activities of large, diversified and integrated farming corporations. But social efficiency as a test of various forms of enterprise has a relevance that extends beyond agriculture. It would substitute for a myopic concern with profits the need to provide a better life for more people, with sound, long-range prospects for social and economic stability and minimal damage to the environment. That is not a bad test of corporate responsibility everywhere in the economy. That it is being applied in agriculture suggests that a New Populism, more sophisticated and relevant than past Populist movements,

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may be emerging as a real force in American politics. Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield detail the underlying assumptions of such a movement and describe a possible program for it in their *A Populist Manifesto: The Making of a New Majority*, published this month by Praeger. The present hearings should initiate an ongoing discussion of the rural and small-town crisis, which is just as severe, in its way, as the much better publicized urban crisis. The basic issues—long neglected—should be flushed out in Campaign '72, for they will remain high on the agenda throughout the decade.

National Future Farmers of America Week has just been observed (February 19-26); the theme this year was "Youth With a Purpose." If the 450,000 young men and women who belong to that organization are to have a future on farms, then the family farm must be given a chance to survive. That involves a radical reordering of policies, programs and priorities. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Ireland, Old and New

The tragedy of Northern Ireland offers an example of the pernicious and persistent effect of obsolete thinking and attitudes. In every country, a large section of the population seems to have a predilection for using its brains as a kind of attic for the preservation of antiques. Just now, Ireland and England are the prime exhibits.

Witness the "Provisional" faction of the Irish Republican Army, the militants, as opposed to the moderate "Officials" (although the latter also claimed responsibility for recent acts of terrorism). The Provisionals are, in their own eyes, men of courage—tough, determined patriots. But they are so haunted by the past, that for them nothing has changed since the 1916 Easter rising. These guerrillas will have no truck with Bernadette Devlin because she bore a child out of wedlock. Think of that! Miss Devlin has marched, protested, been to jail once, will probably go to jail again, has barnstormed in the United States for money, but all this avails her nothing. It is fair to ask: if the Provisionals cannot unite with Bernadette and child, how can they hope to unite Ireland?

But those who consider the "Provos" unreasonable should take a close look at Edward Heath, Prime Minister of England. In a *New York Times* interview with Anthony Lewis, Mr. Heath made the following points:

¶A majority in Northern Ireland "want to remain in the United Kingdom. . . ." How does the Prime Minister know this to be true? When did a real plebiscite last offer all the available options?

¶"It is different from a colonial situation. . . ." Is it, really? If it is not a colonial situation, what are the British troops doing there? *The Nation* pointed out early that North Ireland is Britain's Vietnam. That notion, which may have seemed bizarre at the time, is now reflected in the headlines almost every day.

¶The people in the North are "different in type and religion. . . ." This one takes the prize. There are some Protestants in the South and a great many Catholics in the North, but as to type, Mr. Heath should be more specific. The Catholics in the North speak English. They are white. They have the same genes as other beings. They are stratified in social classes, just like the Protestants. They have lived as neighbors with Protestants for centuries. In some areas they get along fine to this day. They work well together: every observer has noted that there is no trouble in the factories, although the Protestants monopolize the good jobs. When one looks around the world, North Ireland seems remarkably homogeneous, more so than New York or Pittsburgh.

¶The final Heath dictum is that those in the North "do not want to live under a theocratic government. . . ." Few people do, unless it is *their* theocracy. Northern Ireland has a government neither more nor less theocratic than that of Southern Ireland. The Orange Order is in effect a Protestant job trust.

Both the IRA and Heath should blow the cobwebs from their minds. It is not as if their tiresome ideas were harmless. Blood is being shed in Northern Ireland—and in England, too.

The situation is bad but not hopeless: a new Ireland seems to be emerging. The recent Labour Party conference at Wexford (South Ireland), thanks in no small measure to Conor Cruise O'Brien's leadership, adopted a resolution outlawing all support for the IRA—both the Official and the Provisional branches. It also called for an end to the 1937 constitution and the adoption of a new constitution which would end all religious discrimination, and establish nonsectarian principles in the areas of divorce, contraception, education, health, adoption and social services. Where would that leave those hated "Papists"?

The conference condemned (as did the Irish Government) the IRA's attempt to assassinate John Taylor, Minister of Home Affairs in the North. Bernadette Devlin has called the Aldershot bombing "horrifically wrong." One speaker said that such acts are destroying the bridges between Protestants and Catholics.

Wedgwood Benn put it correctly:

> You cannot intern ideas. You cannot create consent with tar and feathers. You cannot disperse a dream with CS gas or rubber bullets.
>
> You cannot build a new Jerusalem with gelignite.

And he added:

> In the gloom that sometimes seems to envelop us, we must be clear about our grounds for optimism. Things have changed since the '20s.

But that is a ground for optimism only if the people now supporting their antique ideas with modern weapons can be brought to acknowledge the change, and act on it.

Some Reassurance for Dr. K.

In the issue of February 21, we ran an editorial which discussed Dr. Kissinger's intimation that the Cooper-Church amendment, which temporarily cut off all foreign aid, was interpreted by North Vietnam as a signal that the Senate had abandoned Saigon, and that therefore Hanoi was under no urgent need to talk terms. We quoted Stewart Alsop as writing, "No one can prove it, of course, but it is an article of faith in the White House that these votes queered the negotiations," adding our own observation that no one can disprove it either, which may be why the White House employs the supposition for its own purposes.

Now, Johanna J. Bosch, librarian of the Fellowship for

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Reconciliation, sends us a clipping from the *Vietnam Courier* (published in English in Hanoi), which, as she says, goes some way to disprove it. The article is a news commentary translated from *Nhan Dan*, the official Hanoi paper. It takes some satisfaction from Cooper-Church as evidence that Americans and their elected representatives are profoundly estranged from the war; no one has ever denied that the deep cleavage in this country is a support to our opponents—that is one of the disadvantages a democracy suffers when it fights an unjust war. But the article concludes that: "The Senate vote will affect only part of the military aid programme—aids for U.S. agents in Saigon, Phnom Penh and Vientiane, for example, being covered by separate legislations—and Nixon is very likely to succeed in filling the gap." It seems, thus, that Dr. Kissinger was unnecessarily alarmed by the possibility that Hanoi would draw sweeping conclusions from the fact that the Senators behaved on that occasion as men of conscience. For what the leaders of North Vietnam may conclude from the melodramatic visit of Kissinger's boss to Peking, we shall have to await a later issue of the *Vietnam Courier*.

Environmental Legacy

Architect, environmentalist, journalist and co-founder of *The Nation*, Frederick Law Olmsted (1822-1903) is perhaps best remembered as the father of Central Park, although he designed sixteen other urban oases, including San Francisco's Golden Gate Park.

This summer, an "Olmsted Sesquicentennial" has been planned to honor his contributions to the American environment, both by his physical creations and by his ideas on the optimum potential of our man-made world. A commemorative stamp will be released and exhibits and discussions of Olmsted's work will be featured in many of the nation's cities.

Raised in an affluent New England environment, Olmsted had a vision of a gentle, reasonable society whose citizens and their democratically elected representatives, working together, would design the best possible setting for themselves and their descendants. Fearing the haphazard urbanization in New York, Olmsted designed and saw through the completion of Central Park. With single-minded purpose, he fought efforts to vulgarize the facility, turning back moves for a race track, world's fair and a full-sized ship on the parkland. He vehemently denounced the prevailing city political machines, particularly the Tweed Ring, for making what he called "political jobbery" out of all possible facets of the park.

What Olmsted wanted, in New York and throughout the nation, was a planned, civilized—but not inorganic—environment in which the country's citizens could thrive. He called his parks "lungs," hoping they would offer clean and clear resuscitation from the foul and hectic qualities of urban life. He spent much of his adult life preaching what he called "sympathetic cooperation with nature."

That Central Park remains much as he first planned it in 1858 is in itself a great monument to Olmsted's genius and the endurance of many of his ideas. That the park is now unsafe at night and cannot possibly compensate for the horrors of urban life, especially for the poor, indicates that even his vision was limited by the background from which he came.

Speaking of the park, Olmsted once said he hoped it would "supply to the hundreds of thousands of tired workers . . . a specimen of God's handiwork that shall be to them, inexpensively, what a month or two in the White Mountains or the Adirondacks is, at great cost, to those in easier circumstances." Even in Olmsted's time more was needed than parks to relieve the plight of the city's poor, and more is certainly needed today.

That, however, is not to question Olmsted's very real contributions. The state of our cities would be much worse without the parks he gave them; the fault is not that his vision was limited but that too many of those who came after him had no vision at all. His work and memory deserve to be honored for what they were, and we can all be thankful that he gave us as much as a series of parks to retreat to and a vision of life to which we all should at least partially aspire.

FLORIDA PRIMARY

QUITE A BIT OF EVERYTHING

MARTIN DYCKMAN
Mr. Dyckman is State Capitol bureau chief for the St. Petersburg Times.

Tallahassee

If Florida's state legislators are open to argument when they claim to represent the people, they are undeniably representative of them in one demographic regard. Fewer than half the lawmakers were born in the state they serve. Like the people who elected them, they are an amalgam of accents and backgrounds from throughout the South, East and Midwest. In the House chamber, the Harvard-polished voice of a Phi Beta Kappa rebuts the drawl of a native farmer who boasts to colleagues, press and schoolchildren in the gallery that he comprehends the issue "because I was raised on a farm and I know the difference between manure and peanut butter."

With 6,790,929 people—a gain of 1.8 million in a decade, and more than double the population in 1950—Florida's boast of being a unique (well, yes, there *is* California) melting pot has been acknowledged by almost the entire field of candidates courting its eighty-one Democratic delegate votes, or at least the political lift that an unexpected respectable showing would mean. To George

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Wallace, this blend of America is an opportunity to prove that his atavistic message is what the nation wants to hear. To Edmund Muskie, it is a chance to prove early-on that he is the consensus candidate. To John Lindsay, it is the mirror of America waiting for a new face.

Florida is a blend of nearly all the parts and problems of the United States. It also re-creates the country's immigrant history, for Cuban exiles by the hundreds of thousands have made Miami and its environs so bilingual that the telephone book contains instructions in Spanish and the TV stations broadcast news in that language.

Florida is a state with many facets to its personality, and a political structure that has not reconciled them. Strong farm lobbies, influential in even the reapportioned legislature by the intervention of a unique elected cabinet, succeed in keeping state control of pesticides under the jurisdiction of the friendly State Department of Agriculture, while Dade County, Florida's most populous, bans phosphate-rich detergents. Beautiful, tall, fair-skinned women perform nearly nude in lavish nightclubs on Miami Beach, while, in the sugar-cane fields of the Everglades district not far away, dark-skinned migrant-labor children wish they had more clothes to wear. Legislators from the rural Panhandle resist state controls on estuarine land and water, arguing, "You men from south Florida have had your development; now we want ours." But in the south, where megalopolis stretches for more than 100 miles on both coasts, several cities and planning councils are discussing ceilings on their populations, and the question seems not so much whether but how. Blasé Miamians reelect a Senator who does not hide his patronage of illegal bookmakers, but a Senate colleague from the Panhandle is in grave danger of defeat after being arrested at a private poker party.

Two of the Miami area's thirty-one state legislators are black, and even Jacksonville—Wallace country—has chosen blacks to citywide office. Tallahassee, the only Confederate capital east of the Mississippi not captured by force of arms in the Civil War, has a black mayor. But in nearby counties, Ku Klux Klan activity is suspected, and the NAACP calls for investigation of black student suspensions following racial clashes in schools.

State officials agonize over how to attract tourists—still the state's major business, worth an estimated $5.2 billion a year—without attracting new residents. Conservationists rebel against the majority of the state's politicians and industrialists, shouting so loudly against the Cross-Florida Barge Canal that President Nixon halted work with $50 million already spent. Horrified, belatedly, by spreading concrete, asphalt and pollution—and by dredging-and-filling operations which transformed Boca Ciega and Biscayne Bays into intestinelike subdivisions that ecologists cite as the world's most awful examples—they turn out 1,000 strong to persuade Sarasota city commissioners to disapprove apartment development on an island. In Tallahassee, a newspaper editor suspected of having never forgiven the New Deal, opposes the re-election of a city commissioner, a land developer, who had resisted a tree-preservation ordinance. And the commissioner loses.

But the Governor is rebuffed when he asks the legislature to consolidate the state's eight environmentally concerned agencies in one unit under his command. The outcome is a clear triumph for pesticide manufacturers, industrial farmers, commercial fisheries and their allies on the elected cabinet, which would have lost authority.

Contradictions abound. The legislature limits local school taxes, then devotes most of its appropriations debates to finding ways to increase state aid. It also yields to pressure

Ivey, Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel

"Here Comes Old Whatzit Again"

to exempt homeowners over 65 (and this age group is 14.5 per cent of the population) from most local taxes for schools. Business lobbies cajole the legislature to hold unemployment and workmen's compensation to one of the nation's lowest levels, but fail to stop a corporate income tax, approval of which by 70 per cent of the voters in a constitutional referendum propels its sponsor, Gov. Reubin Askew, into the national spotlight.

Askew was elected, in 1970, on that platform—defeating incumbent Republican Claude R. Kirk, Jr., who had been elected four years earlier on a promise of "no new taxes" and an explanation that new industry and new residents he would lure would make new taxes unnecessary, but who allowed the largest tax increase in the state's history, and all of it against consumers.

Florida's most profound contradiction is in politics. Its voters register overwhelmingly Democratic—2,133,313 of those compared to 733,056 professed Republicans. Two-thirds of their legislators, nine of their twelve Congressmen, their Governor and the six elected cabinet members are Democrats. But the voters' registration preference is ambiguous. Their tastes are conservative. Both sides of the aisle agree that Florida is more conservative in the sum of its parts than the far-flung origins of its people would suggest.

Only one Democratic Presidential ticket has carried Florida since Truman did it in 1948. Lyndon Johnson won

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with 51.1 per cent in 1964, due largely if not entirely to the fact that when Barry Goldwater visited St. Petersburg, the citadel of golden age, he talked of crime in the streets instead of Social Security.

The preponderance of Democratic registration is a vestige of one-party days when the Democratic nomination assured election. In Pinellas, Palm Beach and Orange Counties, it is now the Republican primary that is tantamount to election, even though registered Democrats are the numerical majority. Old South politics, increasingly aware and appreciative of the differences between the Republican Party of Lincoln and Thaddeus Stevens and the party of Richard Nixon, dominate the northern tier of counties between Pensacola and Jacksonville, and down the center of the peninsula, from tobacco to citrus to truck farming, to the great Lake Okeechobee. It is in scattered places along the coasts, such as Tampa and Miami, that moderates and liberals have a chance to flourish. But the candidate wooing them must mind what he says. The same television signal will flash it to Palm Beach from Miami; to Ocala from Tampa; to Orlando from Daytona Beach.

And not until very recently has the state Democratic Party's leadership been such as to offer any progressive stimuli. Governors were unable to succeed themselves in office, while cabinet members could and did—establishing their own flourishing special constituencies of farmers and marketers (commissioner of agriculture); bankers (comptroller); and insurance men (treasurer.) There was, in short, no Democratic Party but a collection of personality cults wearing that common label.

Their confederation did stir with fright in the early 1960s, when the string of GOP Presidential victories became apparent, and when an unheard-of Republican took 40.2 per cent of the gubernatorial vote. The Democrats amended the constitution in 1964 to provide for off-year election of their governor and cabinet—and for their trouble, saw the first such election produce, in 1966, the first Republican governor since Reconstruction. Kirk did it by hanging the albatross of "liberal" around his opponent's neck, and Republican Rep. Edward Gurney did the same in 1968 to defeat the widely respected former governor, LeRoy Collins, for the U.S. Senate.

Watching unhappily but intelligently through all of this was the Democratic Party's small progressive wing in the legislature, which had an opportunity for leadership through the loss of the governor's mansion. This bloc produced—for a purpose—the wide-open Presidential primary now enhancing Florida's winter tourism. It was also this group that noted how Kirk had swept a substantial minority of Republican legislators into office with him, bringing the two-party system into reality at the state level.

Establishment of the primary is related to all of that. The last thing the progressive Democrats want is a left-wing Democratic Presidential candidate taking them down with him in Florida's November elections—and they see the Presidential primary as insurance against such an event.

What they hope, and what they meant to do in substituting the primary for the series of dreary favorite son and unpledged slates Florida had been sending to Democratic conventions, is to clip the wings of the Democratic Left before it has a chance to become airborne. House Speaker Richard A. Pettigrew of Miami, leader of the Democratic legislative progressives, is acknowledged as the father of this new primary. He had bitter memories of 1968, when he had tried to help Collins win the Senate race, and when the national party's strategy had been, to put it mildly, no help.

"What I had seen," he explained, "was apparently a strategy of the National Democratic Party not to try to carry Florida—but to abandon coming into Florida at all." Pettigrew argues that Southern moderates such as Arkansas' Dale Bumpers, South Carolina's John West and Florida's Askew need more from the national party than that.

"They're moderates who need to be protected," he says. "We cannot again permit the national party to nominate someone who is completely unacceptable to the South. It has to be a palatable Democrat, to protect our legislature and to protect the Congressmen." A second reason was "to educate Florida Democrats on national questions, to get out of our parochial thinking on national questions."

Pettigrew and a sizable number of other Democratic legislators support Muskie. The party's cabinet and Congressional wing lean to Henry Jackson. A handful of legislators are widening the spectrum—from Lindsay and McGovern to Wallace. Some are happy with none: a north Florida member, more progressive than his constituency, refers to Jackson, his man, as "the best of the crap," and warns that his district will vote overwhelmingly for Wallace in the primary and just as heavily for President Nixon in the fall.

If Florida as a state has done one epochal thing recently, it was to reform its own tax structure, enacting the corporate tax and closing some property tax loopholes, under the leadership of Askew and the support of the legislature's progressive wing. They had hoped that Florida's Presidential primary would launch tax reform as a national issue. The unanticipated entrance of Wallace, and the swift success of Republican-sponsored legislation putting an anti-bussing straw vote on the March 14th ballot, foiled that. Bussing suddenly became the issue capturing the headlines. Voters who prefer other issues upon which to judge are being disappointed. Those observers who believe that the cost of living, Social Security, and health-care delivery are the convincing issues in the heart of Florida's vast retirement communities must wait until March 14 for any hint that this is so.

One window opened unexpectedly onto another side of the character of Florida. It followed Askew's decision to campaign for a "no" vote on the referendum proposing an anti-bussing amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Fearful of vetoing the straw vote bill in the belief the legislature would override him, Askew had bargained instead for the addition of a separate referendum question affirming the voters' belief in "equal opportunity" in education and their opposition to a return of the "dual [segregated] system" of schools. This may be a bigger gamble than Askew concedes, for what if the voters say they oppose bussing and want segregation out-and-out? That is precisely what some small-county legislators fear their constituents will say, with racial violence as the consequence. Both questions are on the ballot.

Telling his staff, "I realize this could make me a one-

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term governor," Askew then announced his decision to campaign, in effect, for bussing, which he describes as an "artificial and inadequate" but necessary expedient. "It is very dangerous, under emotional circumstances, to tamper with the U.S. Constitution," he said.

He need not have become involved at all, since he is not up for re-election this year, and Republicans promptly charged him with campaigning for the Democratic Vice Presidential nomination. His Democratic friends held their breath, and his staff awaited the worst. The expected torrent of hate mail did not materialize. The several score spontaneous letters that did arrive ran 4 to 1 in Askew's favor; a small sampling, but enough to raise hopes that race is no longer a major concern in Florida.

"Maybe they've been waiting a long time for somebody who would say what the Governor says," an aide speculated.

On March 14, maybe they'll know. □

FOURTH NETWORK

THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED

GREGORY KNOX
(Of the Network Project)

The Network Project, after a year spent investigating American Network television, now produces the "Feedback" series of programs for WBAI-FM and the Pacifia affiliates. Its study of public television, The Fourth Network, *may be obtained by sending a request and contribution to the Project office, 102 Earl Hall, Columbia University, New York 10027.*

Last February 3, the House Subcommittee on Communications and Power, chaired by Rep. Torbert Macdonald (D., Mass.), concluded public hearings on the issue of funding for public broadcasting. Not a single representative of the public—the audience that pays through its taxes for a service which uses a public property, the airwaves—was heard; the cast of witnesses, in the words of *Variety* reporter Bill Greeley, was "all in the family—and familiar." Familiar because the roster of government functionaries, corporate lobbyists and partisan politicians represented precisely those private and governmental interests which already dominate, and may well assume exclusive control over, public broadcasting in this country.

Generally, citizens so rarely assert their participatory rights in legislative processes that public exclusion has become the habitual *modus operandi* of elected officials when they handle matters of public concern. The attendant dangers need not be elaborated; those motivated by special interests, and with the time and means at their disposal, are the ones who gain access to the "guardians" and legislators of the public interest. On the Hill, as in the corporate business world, public sentiment is not only unsolicited but also denied the forum to which it is legally entitled. There was no small irony in the exclusion of the public from "open" hearings on public broadcasting by a House subcommittee whose chief area of concern is communications. Communication, as distinct from communications, is a two-way process; unhappily, far too often the latter is used to impede the former.

In the case of the recent hearings, three groups—a religious organization, the ACLU, and the Network Project—asked to testify before the subcommittee. The requests of all three were denied. The Network Project is not familiar with the religious group's work on the subject of public broadcasting or the nature of the material it had planned to present in its testimony. But for its own qualifications and preparedness, and those of the ACLU, the Network Project can speak with some degree of familiarity.

The ACLU has a history of concern about public broadcasting. As early as 1966, during Senate hearings on legislation which had been proposed for the creation of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB), an ACLU spokesman had cautioned that "such a public corporation spells danger to civil libertarians always anxious about possible government involvement and influence in the sensitive area of communications, where the First Amendment imposes special restraints on government." At the time of the recent hearings, the ACLU was preparing a special report, entitled "Public Television: A Question of Survival," which documents two recent examples of program suppression by the government, acting through its appointees, the CPB and the latter's networking agency, the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS).

The Network Project, for its part, had released a booklet on public broadcasting in late December 1971. Entitled *The Fourth Network,* the study derived from several months of research and covered the early history of public broadcasting under foundation sponsorship, as well as developments following the enactment of the legislation (The Public Broadcasting Act of 1967) which established the current system under the CPB. Simultaneous with the publication of its study, the Project produced a special program in its "Feedback" series on WBAI-FM (New York), which documented the concentration of power and centralization of control that has characterized public broadcasting since its inception. Finally, and at the same time, the Project filed suit in New York Federal District Court, charging the CPB and PBS with ten violations of the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967 and the free-speech provisions of the U.S. Constitution.

Having learned in November that hearings on public TV funding were being scheduled for some time at the beginning of 1971, the Network Project submitted a formal request to the Communications Subcommittee to testify; and, at the end of January, the Project received, in return, a written invitation to appear. The Project, accordingly, prepared testimony and upon request sent copies of its study to each member of the subcommittee.

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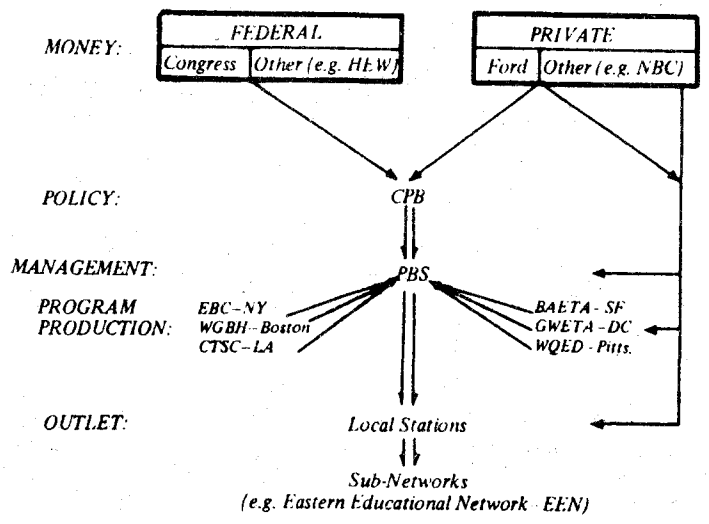

The Network Project

On February 2, the Project was "disinvited": the reason offered was "lack of time."

Here it must be said that there is not much threat of real Congressional control over the fourth network. Indeed, the CPB seems to be "out of control" as far as the Congress is concerned. To those who recognized years ago that the Congress no longer represented the will of the American people, it may come as an added surprise that Congress doesn't even care if its *own* will—as made manifest in legislation—is carried out. The Public Broadcasting Act of 1967 expressly prohibits the Corporation for Public Broadcasting from operating a network and predetermining the content of programming which its stations can make available to their viewers, both of which it now does through its networking arm, the Public Broadcasting Service.

Evidence of more subtle government control, particularly over programming, has been collected in *The Fourth Network,* and we might at least conclude that a broadcasting system that is established, funded, staffed, managed, and directed by the government is, if only in the most literal sense, a government network.

A measure of the network's political importance is the quality of its leaders: chairman of the board of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting is Frank Pace, Secretary of the Army from 1950 until 1953, at which time he became chairman and chief executive officer of the General Dynamics Corporation, the Defense Department's largest contractor. Mr. Pace now presides over the International Executive Service Corps and is a director of Time, Inc., Colgate-Palmolive, and Continental Oil, among other corporations. In 1961 he had joined the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, which directs the Central Intelligence Agency and other U.S. intelligence operations. At the time, the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board's chairman was Dr. James Killian.

Dr. Killian is now the vice chairman of the CPB. He has been chairman of the board of the Institute for Defense Analysis, the Mitre Corporation (a Pentagon research and engineering firm), and the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television. A director of both General Motors and AT&T, Dr. Killian is now chairman of the CPB's Special Projects Committee, whose stated purpose is "to concentrate especially on public broadcasting and civil disturbances."

Women were first represented on the CPB's board by Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby. Formerly director of the Women's Army Air Corps, Mrs. Hobby has served as a member of the National Advisory Commission for the Selective Service System, the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television, and as an adviser to the Institute for International Education. She is also vice president and treasurer of the Hobby Foundation, identified by *The Washington Post* as one of the largest direct recipients of CIA funds.

Ironically, the Network Project's prepared but undelivered testimony essentially supported the chairman's proposed legislation for increased and long-range (other than annual) funding of the public broadcasting system —which would involve some $525 million in direct federal subsidy over a five-year period. The system now receives a $30 million outright appropriation and a $5 million matching grant (the USIA receives more than six times that amount to sustain itself and its Voice of America). The ACLU report offers a comparison of per capita support for national public broadcasting systems: England, $13; Sweden, $5; United States, 15¢. FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson has written that if the American system were funded on the same scale as the Japanese, its appropriation would be about $2 billion (which, coincidentally, is the amount of U.S. taxpayer support to the annual operation of the Pentagon's global network, the National Communications System).

The Network Project concurs in the necessity for a strong national *public* television system to counter the narcotic noninformation offered by the commercial broadcasters. A bill that Congressman Macdonald has himself sponsored would meet three prerequisites for such a system: (*1*) it would increase the amount of money available to the fourth network; (*2*) it would guarantee an amount of money which the broadcasters could count on; and (*3*) it would free public broadcasters from the annual/biennial review process whereby Congress scrutinizes and evaluates; and makes producers more nervous than they have already been made by the corporate and government scrutinizers and evaluators within the Corporation for Public Broadcasting itself.

But the bill does nothing to resolve the most crucial issue in the matter of "improved," rather than just increased, funding. Chairman Macdonald has stated on several occasions that the major issue is *insulating* funds, separating financing from programming, for the purpose of eliminating the economic constraints on a producer's freedom which currently plague the fourth network. Heaping more millions and more machines on a system whose programmers are not free to use either as they would wish would hardly help the cause of communications, and numerous observers have remarked on the irony of producers who have millions of dollars to work with and the latest and most sophisticated technology and facilities at their disposal, but who do not have the freedom to do anything with it. The bureaucratic tendency to say, "We have the money and we have the machines, *voilà*, it must

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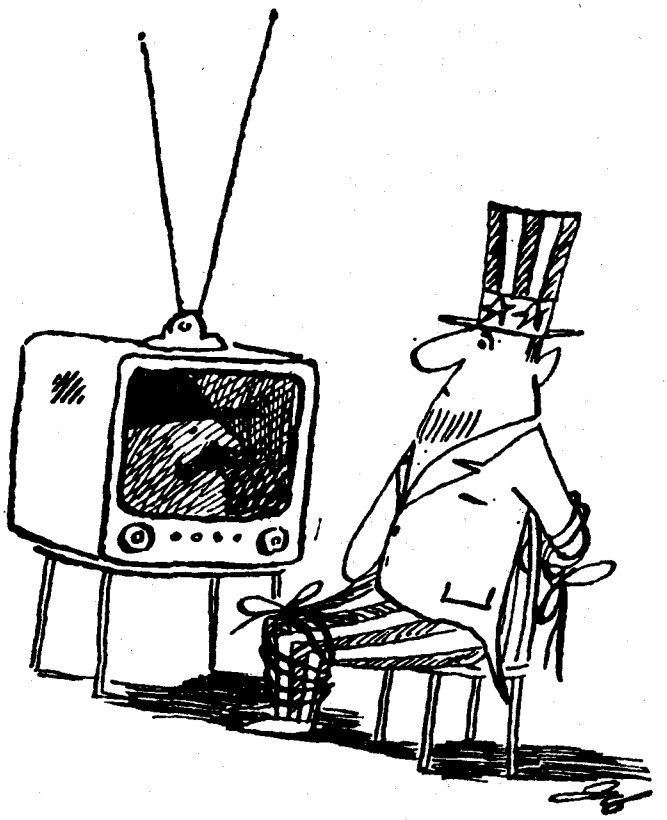
be good," has hardly had encouraging successes either domestically or abroad.

It was particularly painful for members of the Network Project to hear Chairman Macdonald ask Dean Burch, chairman of the FCC, how such insulation of funds might be achieved, and to hear Mr. Burch say, however refreshingly frank, "I don't know." This was precisely the problem which had concerned the Project, and precisely the subject of our testimony. We would have proposed funding on the principle of implied contract, a principle which has been developed from its centuries-old basis in British common law. In essence the principle provides that if someone performs a service which benefits another and which the law deems worthy of compensation, the beneficiary owes compensation irrespective of whether he actually had entered into an explicit contract with the person who performed the service. If someone, say, found a stray horse and fed, sheltered and cared for it until its owner could be found, that person would legally be entitled to compensation from the owner for the reasonable value of his services. Similarly, Congress could expressly provide for implied-contractual status for the unique service performed by the public broadcasting system for the American public, thereby entitling the system to compensatory support from that public. The funding would thus be guaranteed and not a matter of Congressional decision or White House whim; it would be paid automatically from tax funds.

The legislation enabling such quasi-contractual funding could easily be written to insure not only more democratic distribution of funds (as opposed to the centralized and autocratic allocation that now prevails) but also completely insulated funding (as opposed to the funding of a particular program or series which happens to appeal to the biases of the allocator).



"More democratic distribution of funds" would mean that the portion of funds going to each of the "national production centers" (there are currently six such centers, all except the one in Pittsburgh located on either the East or West Coasts; another four, say, could easily be created in Grand Rapids, Albuquerque, Des Moines, etc.) could be established by law, with the majority of funds going directly to local stations, not just for station support but to encourage local programming. To insure insulation of funding, the legislation should be written to peg the annual increase or decrease of money to some independent variable, such as the population figures published by the Census Bureau or the Consumer Price Index for each local-station city published by the Department of Labor. Codifying the necessary legislation in these ways would make the funding of public television "blind" with respect to programming; a station would be supported for serving its public, not for being careful not to offend a member of the CPB board of directors or the Congressional subcommittees. And it would allow the producers and station managers to be less timid and more responsible, having to account for their sins only to the viewers they are bound to serve, according to the Public Broadcasting Act, the Communications Act and the Constitution.

That is the essence of the testimony we were not permitted to give; it was confined to the matter of funding, for, unfortunately, the hearings were confined to the matter of funding. Changes must certainly be made in the financial affairs of the fourth network if economic censorship is to be stopped. But other elements of noncommercial television must also change if it is to become a public broadcasting service—specifically, the structure of the system, its personnel, and the amount of community control. Notably peculiar is the concentration of power and authority at the top of the current vertical structure (see diagram opposite page) and the centralization of control over facilities and programming production.

By directing the network from on high, much as a commercial network is managed, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting serves no democratic purpose and should be eliminated. The Public Broadcasting Service is useful because it provides the networking mechanism to connect the various local stations and enables them to exchange locally produced programs with other stations. However, the PBS renders no communications service by prescreening programs and deciding not to allow certain of them over the network (as it did with the recent FBI segment on *The Great American Dream Machine*). Whether that is called exercising editorial judgment or censorship, it is intolerable.

There is no need for the present siphoning off of disproportionate funds to support the CBS-type corporate image and executive suites that now characterize the government network's top-heavy bureaucracy (the recent scandal over the salaries paid to "noncommercial" TV personnel exposed only a superficial aspect of this serious problem).

Most important is the need for community control over the use of its own tax money, and over the use of its

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own property, the airwaves. The broadcaster is bound by law to serve the needs, interests and convenience of his audience to the best of his ability, but he is now not only ignorant of what his public's interests, needs and conveniences are but, indeed, has no way of determining them, for the public has no effective way to speak to the broadcaster.

The Network Project is committed to the principle of feedback, of two-way communication, as the way for a community to make known its needs and to insist that the broadcaster fulfill them, thereby asserting at last its proprietary interest in its own property—and, what is more, its right to information from a free press in a free society. The technology for such two-way communication has existed for several years now, and is already being used in some areas of the United States (for example, by the Telecable Corporation in Overland Park, Kans.). The present structure could be further democratized by having the boards of directors of the local stations elected (many stations now do not even have a board of directors) on their promise to implement the directions they receive from the community. The stations could then collectively elect individuals to see to the mechanical operation of the national network, much as the Public Broadcasting Service does now, but without its repressive frills.

The Network Project has spent time in the last year not merely chronicling the ills and dangers of the present Corporation for Public Broadcasting but also determining what steps might be taken to remedy them. We welcomed the requests for an alternative made publicly by John O'Connor of *The New York Times* and in a recent editorial in *The Nation* [January 17]; but until the public is more aware of, and more concerned about, the profound way in which telecommunications affects individual life and shapes the communal environment, efforts to promote an alternative will meet with the same rebuff which the Project met at the subcommittee hearings. Those who currently control the government network do not want to hear how their power can be decentralized. They are ignorant of the price of their own insulation from the public. They do not know what they have done, what they are doing, or what will be the consequences of their future actions, and the public knows less. The price paid by the Congress for its ignorance is merely millions; the price paid by the people might well be calculated in terms of democratic survival.

The New York Times (February 23) carried a portent of increasing government control over the Public Broadcasting Network when it reported two items on the agenda for the March 6th meeting of the PBS board of directors: the appointment of an individual coordinator "in an effort to centralize control over public TV's multiple producing agencies and to mollify government and affiliate critics"; and the creation of a twelve-man "advisory panel" for program and performance evaluation. A "board of editors" was one of the gimmicks imposed on the old Public Broadcasting Laboratories by the Ford Foundation, and it contributed materially to the $13 million mistake which that "experiment" became.

Such developments consolidate the autocracy that "public" broadcasting has become, with the tacit consent and fiscal support of the people who remain unserved and frozen out. Soon, another opportunity for change will occur when the Senate Communications Subcommittee, chaired by Sen. John Pastore (D., R.I.), considers the President's nominees for the four vacancies on the CPB's board of directors (which will give Nixon eight appointees on the fifteen-man board).

Should the public wish to be admitted to *these* public hearings on public television, their requests might be directed to the chairman. If the Senate subcommittee remembers what its House counterpart has forgotten—that communication is a two-way process—the public may help to turn what threatens to become nothing more than a government distribution system into a public broadcasting service, and a mainstay of the democratic process. □

THE CONGLOMERATE GREEN GIANT

GEORGE L. BAKER & RONALD B. TAYLOR

Mr. Baker is a staff writer of a West Coast chain of newspapers. Mr. Taylor is a California newsman and free-lance writer who has covered farm labor and related subjects in the San Joaquin Valley for the last decade.

Bakersfield, Calif.

Like the Tule fog that clings to the nearby Tehachapi Mountains, the name Tenneco has settled uncomfortably over California's southern San Joaquin Valley, the richest farming area in the world, producer of 100 crops annually and the birthplace of the words "agribusiness" and "corporate farming."

Tenneco is the new kind of farmer, the conglomerate corporation interested in profits and expansion. In ten years it has become the thirty-fourth largest corporation in the United States; its tentacles reach into manufacturing, oil and natural gas, packaging and shipbuilding and now agriculture. Tenneco has assets of $4.3 billion and 1970 gross revenues of $2.5 billion. Farming and land development profits hit $22 million in 1970, not including appreciation on the 1.8 million acres of land it farms or controls in the Western United States.

This giant—just one of the many now moving into agriculture—has come to symbolize a trend that is clearly troubling many farmers (even large farmers), and Corn Belt Congressmen and urban liberals. The trend has been labeled corporate farming, but it is far more than that. Corporate farming has long been a way of life in California, Florida and other states. Corporations such as A. Duda and Sons in Florida, the J. G. Boswell Co. and the Kern County Land Co. of California have been criticized

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for their bigness and for the millions of dollars they have received in farm subsidies. But they were essentially farming outfits, built by men who bet their dollars—and the tax dollars they received in subsidies—and their sweat on the weather and the market.

The conglomerate farmer is another breed which includes Purex, United Brands, Amfac, and Bangor Punta (a Greenwich, Conn. conglomerate that owns Smith and Wesson Co. and operates Producers Cotton Oil Co., a 130,000-acre farm with vast cotton allotments in Arizona and California). The Getty, Superior and Belridge Oil Companies, all recipients of oil depletion allowances, are farming 71,000 acres of fruits and nuts in Fresno and Kern Counties. Tenneco got into farming by gobbling up one of the old-style corporate farms, the Kern County Land Co.

These large enterprises have their principal sources of profits outside agriculture, they are favored by tax laws, and have enormous amounts of capital to invest and to manipulate through the complexities of overall profit-and-loss ledgers. Such conglomerate farmers pose a threat to traditional farming patterns as they accelerate the economic winds that are blowing the family farmer off his land.

In California, where the trend seems to be moving the fastest, some experts feel that the concentration of land ownership has already shifted beyond the point of no return. A Census Bureau study revealed in 1969 that 2,926 farms owned a total of 24,925,220 acres of farmland. That leaves only 30 per cent of the state's farmland divided up among the other 77,875 farms. In Kern County, 196 farms own 3.3 million acres out of the county's total farmland of 3.8 million acres. Just to the north, in Kings County, the pattern of concentration is repeated with thirty-eight of the county's 1,109 farms holding 533,667 acres, or 75 per cent of total.

This concentration of land—i.e., power—in the hands of a few giants was the subject of recent hearings conducted by the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor in California. The subcommittee, chaired by Sen. Adlai E. Stevenson III (D., Ill.), called thirty-five witnesses who painted a picture that is bleak, if viewed from the small farmer *and* operator's perspective. But California's agribusiness spokesmen seemed unconcerned. Stevenson's invitations to California Farm Bureau president, Alan Grant, and to Tenneco's agricultural president, Howard P. Marguleas were snubbed, though Grant presented written testimony and Marguleas talked privately to the committee counsel.

No one at the hearings—including Senator Stevenson—could define a family farm, and the term was used to cover every farm operator from the small immigrant grape grower to the 5,000-acre vineyard operator who ran his own cold storage houses and packing sheds. In the end, the idea of the family farm was held to be sound, as a social idea, but attempts to describe it as an economic fact engendered more heat than light.

The 5,000-acre vineyard owner, Peter J. Divizich, explained in testimony how Tenneco and the Bank of America had shattered his business and forced him into bankruptcy. In a thick Yugoslav accent, Divizich told how between 1915 and 1965, he built 30 acres of prunes into the 5,000-acre fruit operation.

In 1965 he turned to Heggblade-Marguleas, Inc. to market his grapes. H-M, the largest marketer of fruits and vegetables, was acquired by Tenneco two years ago. Divizich said that after a year he fired H-M, but the market reverses he suffered started his economic downfall. Within two years the Bank of America stepped in to manage the farm and his debt doubled to $9 million. Later, the bank foreclosed and sold the property to H-M, after H-M gave another grower $500,000 to withdraw his bid. Divizich sued, charging that Tenneco and the Bank of America had mismanaged his properties during the financial downfall. A jury agreed and awarded him $400,000, half to be paid by Tenneco and half by the bank.

When Divizich had finished his testimony, Senator Stevenson remarked, "That was a wonderful story until 1963; it sounded like the American dream fulfilled. But now we're finding that farmers have new names, like Tenneco and Dow Chemical and Del Monte." The irony of the statement, of course, is that Divizich himself was a large operator who was vertically integrated. The land he farmed had been owned by other, presumably less successful, farmers who had sold out. While Divizich's tale is graphic evidence that no one is immune to the pressures of the free enterprise system, it also reveals some of the inconsistencies of thinking that surround the words "family farm."

What is a family farm? Is it a 160-acre vineyard owned by a father and son who have both raised their families on the land? Is it 100,000 acres owned by a single operator who has also raised his family close to the land, if not right on it? The federal government, primarily through the Homestead Act and the 1902 Reclamation Act, decreed that 160 acres was an ideal size. The multimillion-dollar reclamation projects built throughout the Western United States put water on the land with the specific understanding that those who benefited would not own more than 160 acres—or 320 for man and wife. All lands held in excess of the acreage were to be sold.

In California, such laws were ignored or manipulated. The result was a huge windfall to large landowners who could technically "break up" their land, but still retain control over the operations. The same kind of manipulation goes on today in the controversial crop subsidy programs. The $55,000 limitation has not blocked million-dollar payments to some large growers.

The whole network of government programs and subsidies has become an outrageous perversion of national policy, and only a complete overhaul can put it straight. The job will not be easy in any case, because of the vested power built up over the years, but it will become more difficult as the power shifts from the traditional corporate agribusiness interests to the conglomerates. That shift is essentially from the rural farm giants to the urbanized, multinational corporate power structures.

Tenneco, with its new label, "Sun Giant," maintains farm-to-market control—growing, processing, packaging, promoting and marketing. No Iowa or California family farmer, however large, can compete. Such a conglomerate, bringing millions of dollars into play, can take losses anywhere along its vertical structure and convert them into

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profits elsewhere, or at least take tax write-offs that are economically advantageous. In Tenneco's case, the conglomerate produces within its various divisions everything needed on the farm, from tractors to fertilizers and packaging materials. (Company spokesmen deny they use any of their own products except tractors.)

With this kind of leverage, conglomerates are about to destroy the traditional farm auction system, the competitive free marketing processes which have prevailed throughout the nation's history. Sheldon L. Greene, California Rural Legal Assistance lawyer and advocate of land reform, said, "The result of conglomerate entry into agriculture is that the single activity farmer must compete against producers who not only corner the market through vertical integration, but who produce at a loss, deriving benefits not from profits on the sale of production but rather from capital gains."

Hollis Roberts, a cigar smoking "country boy" who came to California poor and put together a 130,000-acre farming empire, saw the handwriting on the wall and switched from farming crops to farming money. Roberts sold off great chunks of his rich farmland by splitting it into small parcels and finding doctors, lawyers and other high-income investors who needed to convert income to capital gains. This is tax loss farming, the plowing of money into land improvements and resulting operating losses. Roberts not only received the land value gains when he sold the land; he is now paid handsomely for managing these same acres.

Conglomerate farming of vast acreage and the tax loss investment of distant doctors and lawyers have another effect on the land—it removes people, those who once lived and worked on the land or in the towns which served the land. Thousands of farms have disappeared, either being swallowed into a larger unit or taken over by absentee ownership. And for every six families that leave the land, at least one business in a nearby town must fold.

California was once dotted with small farming towns. Each had its own machine shops, tractor sales agencies, car dealers, service stations, a hotel or two, cafés, courts and residential neighborhoods. Towns like Pixley and Earlimart and Woodville are no longer viable; many of the business houses stand empty, even the relocation of highways has passed them by. This in turn has far-reaching social and political implications for rural areas.

On the west side of Fresno County, where land is talked of in terms of 640-acre sections, only squalor and poverty inhabit such towns as Mendota or Firebaugh or Huron. Contrast this with the east side of the county, an area noted for its small farm ownerships and high-quality fruit. There the towns exist as they have for years, if they do not flourish. Farmers buy their equipment and supplies from local dealers, take part in civic affairs and lend stability to life.

As this power shifts from the many to the few, the question arises: who will control the markets, and as the result control the price structure of food? When corporations such as Purex or United Brands control a major portion of the lettuce market, as the Federal Trade Commission has alleged, they have an obviously unfair competitive advantage over the smaller growers.

It is argued—with some validity—that in a competitive economic system the most efficient entrepreneurs survive and must continue to grow to remain efficient. That, as said above, is obviously true in the total farm-to-supermarket context of Purex or United Brands. However, in the traditional definition of farming—the definition that begins with the soil and ends with the harvest—the single farm operator who has total control over his land, finances and labor input can produce a higher quality product at less cost than his giant neighbor.

The key words, of course, are total control. Most farmers have green thumbs, are mechanically skilled, know their farm chemistry and entomology, but too often they have no control over the cost of money, the cost of equipment and other inputs. The one area they have "controlled" is labor and ironically the resulting low wages benefit the big producer more than the smaller grower who can afford no more. These low wages are a direct subsidy of sorts. It would cost farmers $3 billion a year to increase their pay scales to industrial levels.

The small farmer's lack of control over his inputs has caused economic chaos. As several witnesses told Senator Stevenson, they were vulnerable because they were dependent upon the crop hanging on the trees to retire what they considered heavy debts. Two or three bad years in a row could lead to disaster, as Divizich discovered. One grower who specialized in processing potatoes used for French fries and potato chips told the subcommittee that he was approached by Tenneco with a land lease offer. But once he opened his books to their inspection, the offer was withdrawn and Tenneco went into the potato business, selling the produce at a loss.

Basic questions are raised by this situation. First, is there a public interest in farming that goes beyond profit and losses, beyond investments and shifting tax burdens? Is the concentration of farmland ownership, in California and elsewhere, an area of public concern?

Dr. Paul S. Taylor, professor emeritus of economics at the University of California, gave his answers in testimony before Senator Stevenson:

> The decline in access of people to the land, a consequence of unabated farm enlargement and concentration of land ownership, is an important element in shaping the problems not only of farm workers, but also of working farmers, town businessmen and indeed all elements of rural society. The impact of uncontrolled, even assisted, displacement of smaller farmers by larger, even giant farmers, is far more pervasive than simply obstructing farm workers and would-be farmers from the land. The impact is felt throughout the busi-

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Renault, McClatchy Newspapers

"It's Good To See Young Folks Working Within the System"

ness, social, cultural and political life of the entire community.

In Dr. Taylor's mind, the overriding value is a "social efficiency in the interest of the community as a whole." He feels such social efficiency should be the "proper guide" to policies formulated to counter the move toward bigness.

Another question is economic: who will control the food prices? As thousands of independent farmers are driven out of business, more and more market control is gathered into the lap of conglomerate power. When Tenneco acquired Heggblade-Marguleas, Inc., it got the country's largest fruit and vegetable market machinery, pumped more cash into this machinery, modernized it and developed the brand label, "Sun Giant."

One might relate that development to what occurred several decades ago when the small power companies of California were taken over, one by one, by the "more efficient" Pacific Gas and Electric Co. and Southern California Edison. They developed monopolistic structures that in turn were regulated by governmental public utilities commissions. If the public interest in power was great, the interest in food supplies must be greater. Is it possible that the nation's agricultural industry should be regulated in a similar manner? The question is raised in the knowledge that government regulatory agencies do not have an entirely glorious reputation for protecting the public interest.

Certainly, as the corporate giants gain controlling interest in specific markets, strong enforcement of antitrust laws should be undertaken. In agriculture when a company or conspiring companies enjoy a 20-to-30 per cent corner on the market, they virtually control the prices. If these same companies own the processing and marketing outlets, manipulation of raw product prices downward increases the profit margins throughout the upper portions of the processing and marketing mechanism. That is a powerful lever to force smaller competitors out of business.

Proposals made in the Congress would exclude from farming corporations having more than $3 million in assets, thereby eliminating the threat of market dominance and the further social destruction of rural America. The idea may be good, but it also seems naive. However, an agriculture public utilities commission might insure the smaller farmer a profit by establishing retail prices and policing the harvest-to-market processes to see that the farmers receive their fair share of those retail prices. (The same commission should also establish minimum wages that would guarantee farm labor a decent living wage.)

Whether or not such a suggestion is practical, Congress should immediately close the tax loopholes which allow corporations to write off land development expenses and then take the appreciated land values as capital gains. Corporations that derive the bulk of their income outside of agriculture—real dirt farming practices—should be barred from setting off their farm losses against that income.

In the Western states, vigorous enforcement of the 160-acre limitation of the reclamation law would go a long way to curbing the power of corporations. Farmers receiving water on lands in excess of 160 acres, who have signed so-called recordable contracts, are required to sell that land within ten years at pre-irrigation prices. But enforcement of such provisions is not likely in the California political climate, especially when the director of the California Department of Agriculture, Jerry Fielder, tells Senators that enforcement of the 160-acre limitation would be disastrous because the entire agriculture economy is built around "nonenforcement."

The breakup of large corporate landholdings could be accomplished by allowing the federal government to buy up the excess lands and redistribute them to homesteaders or small farmers. This idea is proposed in bills sponsored by Sen. Fred Harris (D., Okla.) and a number of other Senators and Representatives. Rep. Jerome Waldie (D., Calif.) said that, without such reform, state and federal water policies "will most likely result in the destruction of the small farmer and the continued prosperity of the corporate farm without any resultant benefits to the customer."

It is apparent that the entire federal crop-subsidy program should be scrapped and a new set of rules drafted to restrict surplus production. The $55,000 limitation did nothing more than test the ingenuity of the large growers. They were not found wanting.

If the agribusiness system is allowed to continue on its present course, if in the name of saving the small farmer the federal government continues to hand pennies out the front door while corporate giants sneak out the back door with bushel baskets full of tax dollars, there can be only one outcome: General Motors or some other super, multinational corporation, will one day own American agriculture and the nation.

If, on the other hand, the traditional family farm, small and large, is to be saved, a complete change in national thinking is required. The first step is to define a family farm; the second is to set laws that would specifically shelter this socioeconomic entity from the caprice and avarice of the free enterprise system. □

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PROMISES IN THE PROMISED LAND

HERBERT KROSNEY
Mr. Krosney is The Nation's *Israeli correspondent.*

Jerusalem

A favorite joke here is that Israel is called the Promised Land because it is full of promises that are never fulfilled. It isn't really true—there is some fulfillment—but government policy, a frustrating bureaucracy, and the pressures caused by high defense costs and economic growth, combine to make life difficult, not so much for temporary residents or potential immigrants like myself, but especially for the average Israeli. I cite a few examples.

A friend of mine holds a staff job at Israel Television. He is *kavua,* or permanent, and is almost assured of lifetime employment, if he wants it. But his take-home pay is only 800 Israeli lirot per month—about $200. He desperately scrambles for extra income, picking up odd jobs at night wherever he can, neglecting his staff job whenever lucrative outside work appears. That way, he usually earns an additional 1,000 lirot per month. His wife also works six hours a day, six days a week. The total family income is about 2,500 lirot, or $600. He is considered "well-off."

Uri Avneri's sensationalist paper, *Ha Olam Ha Ze,* tears into Defense Minister Moshe Dayan for selling parts of his private archaeological collection. Avneri seriously criticizes Dayan's privilege of "digging" without a license and brings his questions to the floor of the Knesset, Israel's Parliament. But Dayan's take-home pay each month is around 1,400 lirot, about $350, and he needs that extra income.

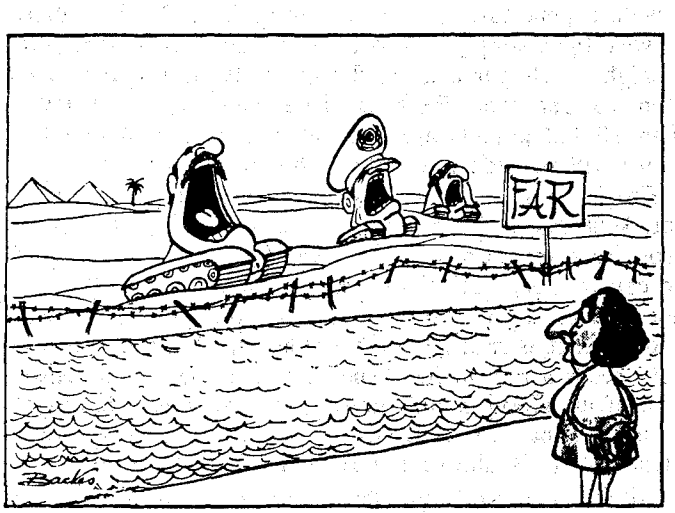
Government officials are enjoined not to indulge in expense-account lunches, and as an example, Golda Meir turns a luxury lunch into a gathering with tea and sandwiches. The government devalues the currency by 20 per cent and foreign goods are even further beyond the reach of the average Israeli.

The price of a decent two-bedroom apartment has jumped in Jerusalem from 110,000 Israeli pounds to 145,000 pounds in the space of the last six months. In 1965 the same apartment cost 50,000 pounds. It is almost gratuitous to note that real estate prices bear no relation to the salaries of the average Israeli. But Americans, Canadians, South Africans and Englishmen continue to pour into the Holy City and other parts of Israel and, with the help of comparatively favorable government-backed mortgages available to newcomers, they buy apartments and houses. The cost of "Western immigration"—a desirable movement from the viewpoint of the Israeli Government—begins to be resented by the average Israeli who must bear the burden.

Groups of "Black Panthers"—young Oriental or Sephardic youths who have grown up in Israel—have protested vigorously against government policy which they say discriminates against them in jobs and housing. They've grown up in Israel, they say—why don't they have the same advantages as the newcomers? And groups of young married couples protest against the near impossibility of buying an apartment and getting a reasonable start in life.

All this adds up to a coherent picture—a country with insufficient capital resources to meet all the needs of its citizens. The high costs of defense, industrial investment and Western immigration, and the additional burden of settling the often penniless but usually well-educated Russian immigrants, leave very little for the good life of the average Israeli. The priorities are beginning to be questioned.

Of course, it is difficult to maintain the world's best army, man for man; to provide it with the sophisticated weapons it needs for defense (and attack is the best defense in the confined geography of the Middle East); to begin to build your own weapons and even modern aircraft industries because suppliers have in the past proved politically unreliable; to provide adequate services in health, education, social security and the rest (in this area helped enormously by the $750-odd million that come each year from world Jewry)—to do all that and at the same time provide the incentives that have given Israel the world's fastest economic growth, exceeding even that of Japan, with a steady 10 per cent annual rise in gross national product.



Backes, Allgemeine Zeitung (Mainz)

Who pays? For the most part, the average Israeli. His rate of taxation is probably the highest in the world. Any Israeli earning more than $500 a month is taxed on additional income up to 80 per cent. That, of course, is pressure that breeds corruption and the nonreporting of income. The fact that petty dishonesty of this sort is only moderately prevalent in no small part reflects the patriotism of Israelis, many of whom have not yet gotten into the habit of cheating their government.

Another way that the Israeli pays is through a deliberate government policy of wage restraint. The only way to attract investment and foster exports, after all, is to keep the price of labor low. Despite strikes and the constant threat of strikes, the government has been reasonably

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successful in this policy. It has been helped by the constant threat of war.

There are other attempts to cut back expenditure. The Foreign Office, the Tourism Ministry and a number of other government departments recently suffered a one-third reduction in their annual budgets. Whether this extreme kind of cut can be made to stick is doubtful, particularly since the former level of performance is required. The ministry budget that is extremely difficult to slash is the one that expends the greater part of the Israeli tax dollar. Recent efforts to enforce more than token cuts in the Ministry of Defense were opposed by General Dayan and others, and at this stage of political negotiations (or lack of them) with the Arab countries it is almost impossible to make severe cuts in defense budgets. But without drastic economizing there, all the other publicized cuts are much ado about very little. General Dayan and his ministry in fact agreed in mid-January to cut their 1972 budget below what they had previously declared was an absolute minimum.

One might think that, with a low salary level and a high rate of taxation, individuals could at least head for a friendly local bank and finance major purchases, like an apartment. Not so. A final device for reducing private expenditure is to keep money for individual loans in very tight supply. Bank rates for such borrowing run as high as 18 per cent, and can rarely be found at less than 15 per cent. Even at these rates, loans of more than 10,000 pounds are unusual; the maximum that the banks will provide is usually 2,000 to 3,000 pounds.

For Israelis, therefore, mortgages are almost nonexistent. Whereas an immigrant can get one of up to 50,000 lirot, now approximately $12,000, the Israeli is lucky if he can mortgage $5,000 of his purchase; usually he cannot finance more than one-third of the purchase price, and often it is much less. A young Israeli couple invariably needs a rich uncle if they are to settle into a decent apartment. Good rental housing, for reasons I have yet to understand, but it seems to be by deliberate government policy, is almost nonexistent.

All these policies combine to husband whatever available capital there is for the social services, which are on the whole good (medical care is superb and cheap); for defense, the costs of which are enormous; for immigration (potential immigrants from the West simply will not accept a drastic lowering of their living standards and allowances for mortgage money, and exemptions from taxation in the first three years must be made); and for industrial and economic growth. The last of these is a true miracle, and recently an increasing flow of investment money has been coming into the country. The money is attracted by limited taxation for "approved enterprises," by long-term, low-interest government loans—and grants—for the same approved ventures, and by comparatively low wages. The salary differential between Golda Meir and her secretary, or between the doctor at Hadassah and the building's janitor, is not particularly great. While patches of individual wealth are appearing because of industrial investment, it is generally true that a Socialist approach prevails and that everyone suffers relatively equal economic pangs and complaints.

Israelis work hard. The week begins on "Yom Rishon," Sunday, the first day, and it ends on "Yom Shishi," the sixth day, Friday, much as prescribed in the Bible. The Seventh Day is Shabbat, Judaism's gift to the world—a day of family, love, sex, recreation and study. Shabbat, however, has one hook to it in Israel: the power of the Orthodox parties within the political coalition has forbidden public transportation on that day. Thus for the average Israeli without private means of transportation, taking a trip on his one day off is often out of the question.

To make ends meet most men hold two jobs and their wives also work. "Women's liberation" in the land of milk and honey would mean that women didn't have to take that "third job" in the family. Even with the three, it's tough to balance a budget. All Israelis have enough to eat, but consider what it takes to buy a so-called "luxury" item—a car, a refrigerator, a television set, even a radio. Taxes are approximately 110 per cent. A Volkswagen that costs $2,500 in the United States is priced at more than $5,000 for the Israeli, not including substantial license, registration and insurance fees. Gas costs double what it does in the States, even though oil in plenty abounds in Israeli-held Sinai. (Israel continues to depend for its domestic consumption on Iranian and other nearby oil, using the Sinai oil for export and for industrial usages; the government has desired to maintain established patterns of supply because of the possibility that Sinai will be returned to Egypt.)

Many officials regard the ever more insistent consumer hunger as the Achilles heel of government policy. The government turned down commercial television last year from a reluctance to whet the consumer appetite. Government policy is quite deliberately to keep wages down and to reorient available money for public purposes.

The proper balance between capital accumulation and money in circulation has not yet been struck, and the result is a strain. A visitor notices not the tensions of war but the tensions on the average Israeli trying to build a life for himself and his family. Israel is a tough and lean country, but the people are tired. They don't want to send their boys to die every five or ten years; they want what their American and Canadian cousins seem to have—some money in the bank, a car, an occasional night out, life with just a bit more ease in it.

The fact is that Israel desperately needs peace. The state is now twenty-five years old and the day of fruitful growth, when one knows there will be life and prosperity on the morrow, is yet to come. However, a "peace" that is not peace—one under which the state of siege continues—is not attractive, either.

And Israel is also worried about peace. The Spartan task of survival and growth has created a generally admirable moral climate. It has welded a nation torn by 2,000 years of dispersion into a nearly single entity once again. Peace would mean a total reorientation of values. In the first place, the long-suppressed consumer revolution would probably explode, with the government having lost its chief moral argument for suppressing it. One could go from frugality to luxury almost overnight. And the example of the United States, with its seeming hedonism

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and lack of national purpose, is not one that Israeli leaders imbued with their Socialist idealism, would wish to emulate.

Secondly, the Sephardim, Israel's Jews primarily from Oriental or Arab countries, who now comprise more than 50 per cent of the population, would justly demand their rightful place in society, particularly from an economic standpoint. I do not believe this problem will split Israeli society, as some have predicted—it is minute by comparison with the black revolt in the United States—but the Sephardic question is nonetheless serious and will have to be treated with care.

More potentially damaging in the event of peace will be the outbreak of a long-simmering battle among the religious, the ultra-religious and nonreligious factions in Israel. The entire definition of "Jewishness" and a Jewish state will have to be redefined, and there will be little room for compromise. The ultra-orthodox have recently been sending tremors through Israeli society by their bitter opposition to autopsies. Pathologists in selected hospitals have received letters warning that their performance of autopsies is a desecration which will bring death to the perpetrators. The same zealots have also been denouncing Israel's conscription of women into the army, an act they believe in violation of Jewish law involving respect for women. The war among the Jews—when it breaks out—is likely to be far more harmful to Israel than the war between Jews and Arabs.

Peace, in other words, is a gamble. It is an essential gamble and Israel will take it when and if the opportunity arises. But there is much to be said for a gradual "easing-into" peace. If the balance of terror holds—if the Egyptions decide that, like the Israelis, they cannot afford war—then the present "no-peace, no-war" situation is preferable to many alternatives.

Israel is an idealistic society and the visions of utopia still abound. Israelis know that the Promised Land has yet to deliver on all its promises for all its citizens. The country may well need and prefer a transition to peace if it is to meet successfully the pent-up frustrations and inner conflicts that twenty-five years of statehood have engendered. □

IMPERIALISTS AND SCHOLARS

THE DISCONTENTS OF STANFORD

SHERMAN B. CHICKERING
During the 1960s Mr. Chickering edited Moderator, *a national magazine for students. He has contributed to* The New York Times, The American Scholar, Harper's *and other publications.*

In one week last January, two Stanford University Ph.D.s made news as revolutionaries accused of committing or fomenting criminal violence.

¶The FBI named Ronald Kaufman as the man suspected of planting bombs in nine banks; Kaufman is a Stanford Ph.D. who spent the early 1960s on that campus.

¶A Stanford faculty committee voted 5 to 2 to relieve H. Bruce Franklin of his tenured position as associate professor of English. Franklin, a self-proclaimed Maoist, was accused of inciting students to take over the university computation center last spring. In the period when the committee was deliberating the Franklin case, the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center was bombed. Though the committee did not link Franklin with the bombing, the incident may have influenced its verdict.

The relationship between these two events is undoubtedly coincidental, but the relationship between the deeds ascribed to the two men and their university bears further examination.

During the 1960s, Stanford rarely made headlines for campus disorders, being regularly upstaged by more spectacular uprisings at Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, Chicago, San Francisco State and of course the Berkeley campus of the University of California. But, year in and year out, this campus has provided the nation's most consistent barrage of protest activity.

In 1964 more students went to Mississippi for voter registration drives from Stanford than from any other single institution. A graduate of this experience, David Harris, later became the nation's most notorious draft resister when he was a Stanford student body president. In the late 1960s the campus was in a constant turmoil over the war, draft, defense industry recruiters, ROTC, Stanford "complicity" (its war-related research), and issues arising from Stanford's land use and hiring policies. Even in 1971, the supposedly quiet year on campus, Stanford students staged a sit-in at the university hospital over the ratio of black employment, disrupted a speech by Henry Cabot Lodge, and occupied the university computation center. And bomb threats, burnings, "trashing" and sit-ins were initiated by the Franklin case.

Why so much protest? To be sure, the rich, Ivy League-type schools have had more than their share of protest; students from the upper middle class tend to get involved in protest because of liberal parents, or guilt feelings about their money, or the seeming lack of other challenges. Stanford may enroll an unusually high percentage of such students, but that is not a sufficient explanation. So there must be other reasons.

Stanford University is surrounded by an industrial park that houses many of the nation's most important defense contractors in aerospace, electronics and systems analysis. Prime defense contracts total $140 million in Palo Alto and nearly $1 billion within Santa Clara County. This concentration is not accidental. Frederick Terman, the university provost during the late 1940s and 1950s, built Stanford's academic program with the neigh-

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borhood in mind. He called it a "community of technical scholars." That he succeeded in building it is beyond question. *The Times* of London quotes a Lockheed research director on why the company moved him to the Stanford Industrial Park: "We moved to get better access to the right sort of manpower and so that we could establish a working environment with the right intellectual atmosphere." The cross-breeding is evident. There is a busy swapping of resources and information between industry and the university, and nearly half of the university's trustees are directors or officers of companies in the industrial parks.

The proximity breeds discontent. "With all these firms around," says student editor Robert Litterman, "it's easier for students here to make the connection between the war and other problems. So when Stanford students protest they don't march to change public opinion, they go out and attack an institution."

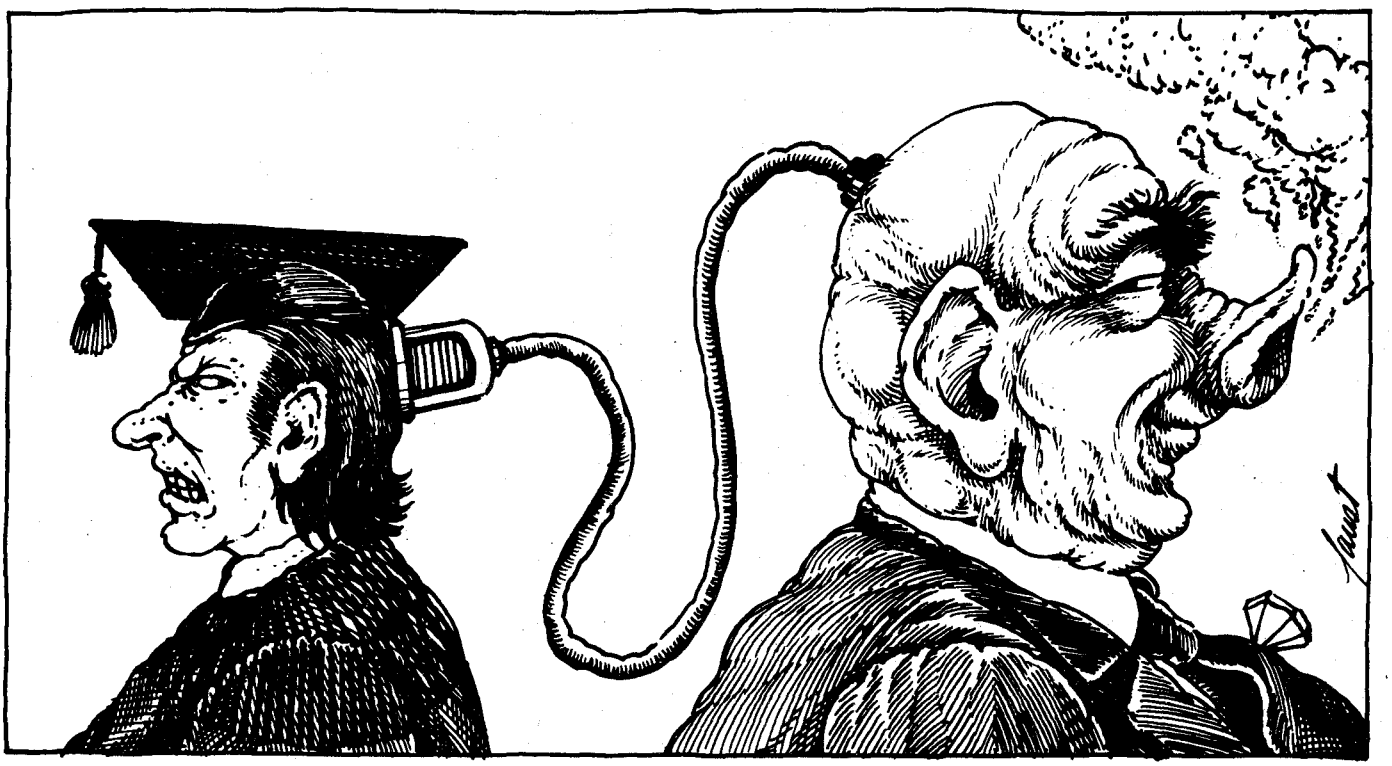
The Stanford Research Institute (SRI) is the holiest of holies within the Stanford industrial-academic garrison. Seven SRI directors double as Stanford University trustees. This "think tank," with an annual budget of some $60 million, thus tends to set the tone for the entire complex. The tone is expansive: Weldon Gibson, SRI executive vice president, is on record as strongly favoring a "Pacific Basin" development strategy; he anticipates "high yield" from the nations ranging the Pacific Ocean. SRI adviser Rudolph Peterson is more specific: "Were we California businessmen to play a more dynamic role in helping trade development in the Pacific Rim, we would have giant, hungry new markets for our products and vast new potentials for our firms."

To campus radicals, a "Pacific Rim" strategy is what lies behind the war in Southeast Asia. They regard Stanford as a launching pad for the "empire." SRI does its best, moreover, to validate the radical charges by grabbing up all the war-related research it can get. At least, that's the impression conveyed by Paul Dickson's book, *Think Tank*. Dickson characterizes SRI as the most venal and opportunistic of them all. Weldon Gibson sustains the impression. When students accuse him of being an "economic imperialist," he replies, "I am, and I try to be a good one."

SRI was once a part of the university itself, but in 1969 Stanford spun it off as a "subsidiary" in response to student protest. However, SRI remains a major target of the radicals. "With people like Gibson around," says Bruce Franklin, "it's easy to 'bring the war home.' "

Stanford owns more than 8,000 acres of lush rolling land in the picturesque peninsula foothills south of San Francisco. On this land Stanford has developed luxurious housing for faculty members and constructed a campus that resembles nothing so much as a country club. This domain is bordered by substantial pockets of low-income black and Chicano families, living in substandard housing. The contrast is graphic and has led to well-documented demands that Stanford increase its commitment to build low-cost housing. The Urban Coalition contends that the area needs an average of 4,000 new low-cost housing units a year. Stanford's own studies (The Moulton Committee, The Wright Committee) call for the university's share to be anywhere from 400 to 2,000 units. The university is currently committed to build 225. Radicals point to the university's industrial rentals, which earn some $2 million a year, and chant, "House people not profits!"

Stanford has attracted over the years students and teachers who blend comfortably with the regal setting. Its schools of law and business and its departments of



The Academic-Industrial Complex

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electrical engineering, aeronautics and astronautics are among the leaders in their fields and tend to attract people determined to be among the nation's technocratic elite. The "master race" atmosphere is further bolstered by William B. Shockley, a prize-winning physicist on the faculty, whose implicitly racist views on genetic engineering have made him notorious. The setting and the objective isolate many students and most faculty members from the concerns of the nonwealthy and nonwhite—and even from one another. "There is a curious sense of isolation among Stanford faculty members," says Stanford news director, Robert Beyers. "If there's a bomb threat on campus, the feeling tends to be 'Oh well, it's the other guy that got threatened, not me.' "

Litterman believes that the vivid contrast between campus and community polarizes Stanford University. "Students who are about to go into the big institutions think everything's just fine, whereas other students think Stanford is the best place to attack those institutions." Bruce Franklin agrees. "It only takes a short time for people to see the contradictions around here. Columbia University, for example, doesn't dominate New York City. But Stanford dominates the entire socioeconomic scene in the peninsula area. Any oppression in the area has got to relate to Stanford."

Stanford radicals have accumulated research, technical knowledge and even some continuity of leadership over the years. Unlike most campus radicals, Stanford activists include people who can slug it out fact for fact with any professor or industry representative. Recently, when a Hewlett-Packard representative denied that the company engaged in a war-related program, a radical rebutted him by citing contract details.

Much of the leadership, research and continuity comes from the Pacific Studies Center (PSC) in East Palo Alto, an enclave which might be called "The Research Stanford Institute." Funded by a "left-wing inventor," PSC puts out magazines and leaflets to supply Stanford students with a coherent and continuing opposition viewpoint. "We expose people to the real relationships," says PSC's Leonard Siegel. "We show then how, for example, the trustees determine the priorities which make the Stanford hospital research-oriented rather than health-oriented. We get them to see how such priorities in turn affect manpower needs, and how this has a 'channeling' effect on the student body. We continually tie the big picture to personal matters like vocational choice. And we show how women are being exploited by these priorities. The 2-to-1 male-female ratio at Stanford clearly shows that the university is really only interested in putting men into the typical ruling elite type jobs."

Those are some of the characteristics which, while not unique to Stanford, are so accentuated there that they provide fertile ground for continual campus ferment. These same characteristics may have provided a radicalizing environment for Ronald Kaufman, the accused bomber, who received his master's in psychology from Stanford in 1962 and his Ph.D. in 1966. Beyers knew Kaufman well because they had worked for civil rights together in the South. "Kaufman presented as early as 1964 or 1965 what would be called now a radical analysis of Vietnam," says Beyers. "He did not view it merely as an accident of American policy, and he saw a relationship between what was happening there and what was happening in this country."

At Stanford it is apparently easy for some people to see these relationships. How they act on the information is something else again. The vast majority of students seem to have chosen to work for change within the system —if they're concerned about change at all. Stanford is apparently doing its best to keep them in that frame of mind. Complains Siegel: "The admissions office is really working overtime. The entire freshman class is a bunch of Jesus freaks and pre-meds." Whether that has to do with the times or the selection process is anybody's guess. The fact remains, however, that there continue to be those few who are driven to violent opposition by the visibility of Stanford's extracurricular commitments. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 322)*

invade Laos and Cambodia. And it was he who favored mining Haiphong harbor. Mr. Nixon may like to think it matters that the critic is a candidate for President rather than just a "public citizen" (Nixon's favorite and most humble description of himself between 1960 and 1968). But it's a curious logic that permits any public figure to press for escalation of a war and yet does not allow others to seek better means of ending that war.

Rick Lohmeyer

lifting the heart

Topeka, Kans.

DEAR SIRS: That was a fine pair of articles you published in your issue of Jan. 24, "Buckley: Sheriff from Middlesex" by James Higgins, and "Dunne: Senator from Long Island" by Paul Wilkes. I have just sent letters to Mr. Higgins, Mr. Wilkes, Sheriff John Buckley and Sen. John Dunne.

Such articles lift the hearts of those who sometimes feel they are fighting a losing battle in this matter of corrections. They are not, though. The conscience of the public has turned, or awakened, or whatever you want to call it, and the facts are out before them and can't be put away or stuck under the rug any more. The new generation is not going to permit it, and our generation ought to be ashamed for having done so.

Karl Menninger, M.D.

traveler's warning

Madrid, Spain

DEAR SIRS: Thank you for bringing to our attention the article, "Getting Busted Abroad" by Bernard Weiner [*The Nation*, Feb. 14]. Mr. Weiner provides singularly interesting reading, and I have distributed copies of it to key officials of the embassy and our consular section for their information.

We, along with other U.S. embassies, are doing our utmost to help alleviate the possibility of detainment of American travelers who may be in the dark about strict drug laws overseas. I can assure you that we are exerting all effort possible to help those unfortunates who are apprehended.

It is articles such as Mr. Weiner's which aid in the pivotal task of warning U.S. travelers beforehand of the dangers which drug use may expose them to abroad.

Arthur V. Dizzle, Press Attaché

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Courtiers in the Garden, 2 Vols.

THE COMPACT EDITION OF THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. *Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 4,134 pp. $75.*

ROBERT L. CHAPMAN
Mr. Chapman, a professional lexicographer, teaches English and linguistics at Drew University.

> If there is any truth in the old Greek maxim that a large book is a great evil, English dictionaries have been steadily growing worse since their inception more than three centuries ago.

Thus began the "Historical Introduction" to the full 13-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* (OED) of 1933. Now with the *Compact OED* the publishers have ingeniously and practically struck a blow against the evil of sheer bulk by reducing the whole 13 volumes into two by micrographic printing techniques that give us 4 pages of the older format on each single page of the new. Because the Oxford Press has over the years brought out various "shorter" and "universal" and "concise" dictionaries mined from the OED and containing only fractions of the great work, it is important to stress that the new compact version *is* the OED, intact.

Printing 4 pages on one of course miniaturizes the type almost to invisibility, so that along with the two 8.5-pound books the boxed set includes a magnifying glass on legs, designed to stand at proper focus over the text one wants to read. Whether the magnifier is strong enough, each user will have to decide by his own squints. I have found that I will need a stronger glass for any heavy use, but a friend of mine took off his glasses, held the book about a yard out from his face, and read it with great pleasure, unaided.

For those who already know their OED, the profound appeal of the *Compact* lies in its price, $75 as against $300 for the standard OED, and the fact that this will permit numbers of them to have the book at hand when they want it—I'm sure that many who venerate OED as I do will remember times when the occasion has not quite justified the long walk to the library.

For those who do not yet know this magisterial cathedral of a book, I hope that the new and relatively cheap format will be an occasion to buy it and become acquainted with, perhaps addicted to, nothing less than the best dictionary in any language.

Not the best for quick consultation to see what a word means—usually a cheaper and lighter lexicon will do better for that—but because the OED gives us the most complete and well-documented account of what English words have meant during the whole space of their presence in our tongue. Owen Barfield says:

> In the common words we use every day the souls of past races, the thoughts and feelings of individual men stand around us, not dead, but frozen into their attitudes like the courtiers in the garden of the Sleeping Beauty.

It is for those who relish access, through the histories of words, to such souls and thoughts and feelings, and to the shapes and appearances of things in the past, that the OED is a resource unmatched in any other language.

How very interesting it is, for example, to see through the OED how the terror-breeding word "heroin" came quietly into English seventy-four years ago. The dictionary first explains that the word is of German origin, modeled on Greek "hero." Then the editors explain that the name is "said to be so derived because of the inflation of the personality consequent upon taking the drug." The first recorded English use is a routine report in *Lancet* (December 3, 1898): "A new hypnotic, to which the name of 'heroin' has been given, has been tried in the medical clinic of Professor Gerhardt, in Berlin. . . . [It] was discovered by Professor Dresser, chief of the chemical department of the Elberfeld Farben Fabriken." In 1908 the *Practitioner* appears to recommend "Subcutaneous injections of morphia or heroin locally," and in 1910 the same journal tells us that "A sedative may be prescribed. . . . Heroin hydrochloride is the best drug for this purpose." In 1920 the overtones are no longer merely clinical; the OED quotes a certain A. C. Baxter, "She . . . took to opium cigarettes, and then to heroin. She disappeared one night."

The OED allows us this sort of perspective on about 415,000 main words, compounds and derivatives. The definitions are all backed and validated by quotations like those for "heroin"; about 5 million were collected and nearly 2 million were actually printed to illustrate the separate senses.

As those large numbers signify, the OED is a markedly empirical book, and it took a long time and much effort to make. Since it was the prime contribution of the Lockean empirical British to the first great age of linguistics, and since it took seventy-five years to complete, and since it would be vainglorious to "review" an acknowledged masterpiece, I want to take the rest of my space commenting upon the OED as a cultural and historical phenomenon.

Its moment of conception is usually taken to be the evening of November 5, 1857, when Richard Chenevix Trench, Dean of Westminster, read the first part of his paper, "On Some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries," to a meeting of the Philological Society in London. Indeed, from that moment on, although there was a long, lazy interlude, there has been no break in activity on the OED up to the present day (the distinguished lexicographer R. W. Burchfield is now preparing the Second Supplement).

Trench was motivated by something more than irritation over the notably defective state of British dictionaries, which were scarcely more than a set of additive footnotes to Dr. Johnson's book of 1755. As a preacher and Biblical scholar he wanted words to be read accurately because they are the peculiarly human and imperfect elements of "the entire moral and visible world" which is "from beginning to end a mighty parable, a great teaching of supersensuous truth, a help at once to our faith and to our understanding." This is a doctrine as old as theology, and most reminiscent of the elaborate fourfold method of Scriptural exegesis, stemming from Augustine, which was so crucial to the intellectual consciousness of the Middle Ages. But Trench was also enough of a Lockean Englishman to avoid metaphysical probings about the inner form of language and to recommend concentration upon the collecting and ranging of evidence which would reveal what the words, the material part of language, actually meant to their users, and how these meanings datably changed. So, very strangely, the OED grew from a seed of medieval Platonism incubated by chilly modern common sense.

In 1857 British linguistics was in a poor condition compared with that of Germany and Denmark, where the science was being rapidly formed. The

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universities were not much interested; the Germans and Danes had even cheekily taken the lead in studying native English texts, *Beowulf* and others. So it was with a good instinct that the Philological Society seized on Trench's idea. A plan was drawn up for the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles," and the first editor was Herbert Coleridge, grandson of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Coleridge divided English literature into three periods (up to the first printed English Bible 1526, up to the death of Milton 1674, and after), began to recruit volunteer readers to cover each period and produce working slips keyed to particular words and giving the word in its actual context, and began, too, to work out the principles of editing. When Coleridge died in 1861, at the age of 31, the work was taken over by F. J. Furnivall, and it immediately slowed down. Furnivall dispersed the reading and collecting programs to a set of sub-editors, but he himself was more of a medievalist than a lexicographer, and most of his energies went into the formation of the Early English Text Society in 1864 and the Chaucer Society in 1868.

These were the earliest examples of the procreative power of the OED project. The early texts could not be as effectively used in manuscript as in print, so Furnivall commenced a program of printed editions which is still going strong, has birthed nearly 400 volumes of text, and has been of immeasurable benefit for literary study as well as for the OED. Furnivall was a warm, persuasive man, and that may have been what kept the OED alive during the period of dispersed collecting until 1876, when the arch-editor J. A. H. Murray appeared as the next needful event.

In that year the American publishers Harper suggested to the British publishers Macmillan that a new English dictionary might be a paying proposition. Macmillan approached Murray, a 39-year-old Scots schoolmaster who had attracted attention by a book on the dialects of southern Scotland, as potential editor. Macmillan got hold of some of the OED slips and asked Murray to make samples based on that material and his own ideas. Murray did so, held out for very high scholarly standards for the proposed dictionary, and was apparently about to sign when the Philological Society woke up to what it had and decided to keep its material and appoint Murray the OED editor. So it was the threat of publishers' exploitation that finally unstuck the project, and it has proceeded until now on the relatively leisurely, purely scholarly basis that seems paradise to those working lexicographers who find that market exigencies far outweigh all others in their professional lives.

The Oxford University Press undertook a ten-year contract in 1878 for a 6,000-to-7,000-page dictionary. Murray built an iron structure that he called his Scriptorium next to his house at Mill Hill in 1879, and gathered in the 1.75 tons of slips that Furnivall and the sub-editors had been collecting. He advertised for a thousand additional volunteer readers and set them to work. Murray completed and refined the exact procedures, policies, and style of the dictionary, very wisely using a method of wide consultation and advice. One result of Murray's openness is that the OED has no editorial quirks or crotchets. It established once and for all the sound descriptive approach to lexicography that the Merriam-Webster III of 1961 was still struggling to put across in this country against a raucous, crankish opposition, as if it were doing something brash and revolutionary instead of something that had been settled under Queen Victoria.

The first fascicle was published on February 1, 1884. In the following year Murray gave up his teaching job, moved to Oxford, built a larger Scriptorium that still wasn't large enough, and from then on the work was interrupted only by a loss of staff during the Great War. When the Oxford Press (not entirely indifferent to pecuniary outlay) asked for more speed, Murray broke in successively three more senior editors. First Henry Bradley, who had written a penetrating review of the first published part. Then another Scotsman, William Craigie, and finally C. T. Onions. Each of these had his separate staff, and both Craigie and Onions lived to see the final version in 1933 and well beyond. In all Murray edited about half the book, more than 7,000 pages, in his thirty-eight years of tenure. Earlier I compared the book to a cathedral—partly because it was communally built in about the time scale of a great Gothic church, and is to me at least as imposing.

Apart from the immediate publishing tradition of the OED (the present *Compact*, the *Supplement*, the *Shorter Oxford*, the *Oxford Universal* and others), the book and its materials have spawned a series of "period dictionaries" which is still not finished. These are the *Dictionary of American English*, the *Middle English Dictionary*, the *Early Modern English Dictionary* and the *Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue*. Dictionaries inspired by the OED are now being made in France, Germany and Spain. American scholars are beginning to consult about establishing a computerized lexical archive in this country that might be the basis of the next century's OED. So, the waves keep spreading. □

What Army for a Democracy?

PAWNS: The Plight of the Citizen-Soldier. *By Peter Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. 284 pp. $7.95.*

DAVID VAUGHT
Mr. Vaught, a graduate of West Point and a former first lieutenant in the U.S. Army, is now studying law at New York University.

It's too bad that Peter Barnes hasn't done any time in the military. If he had, he might have written about the need for reforms in the services somewhat more pointedly, in terms of his own experience. Veterans all over the country can tell you about specific conditions that cry out for reform. They have encountered prejudiced or indifferent officers serving on courts-martial, and officers who make use of extra-judicial punishment to make up for their own deficiencies in the qualities of leadership. They can tell you of friends, volunteers and now exhausted and perplexed Vietnam veterans, trying to get along on $170 a month with a new wife and kid in a trailer park just outside an army base. They'll tell you of those who couldn't take the military pressure, and went AWOL, told off the old man, or sunk into the army's own brand of low-grade drug escapism. Bad discharges on trumped-up pretexts, systematic harassment of those who disagree —the veterans can tell about it all.

Peter Barnes can't do that. While others went into the armed forces, a combination of student deferments and good luck kept him out, and his book suffers on that account. But he did have time to reflect on the relation between the military services and our ideal of a democratic society. *Pawns* advocates reform of the services so as to make them fit instruments for carrying out the policies of such a society.

In itself, arguing for reform in the military is nothing new, nor is proposing alternative ways of administering the nation's armed forces necessarily revolutionary. But Barnes does both convincingly, offering standards and procedures that could help restore the rights and liberties of the citizen-soldiers. Acknowledging his

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many predecessors in this area—army officials, Senate committees, lawyers, veterans and concerned citizens generally—the author presents his own prescription. He calls for a civilian ombudsman to mediate between the soldier, sailor or airman and the various services—a program introduced into the West German army after the Second World War by the United States as an occupying power. He argues for recognizing broader grounds for conscientious objection. In general, in his critique of stockades, deception in recruiting, administrative discharges, basic training and court-martial procedures, he presents an enlightened vision of a more democratic army.

Discussion of a democratic army presupposes a decision to have an army; understandably enough, the moral questions raised by pacifist doctrine are absent from this book. But a number of other questions that are quite central to the author's concerns are either ignored or scanted. For example, the author makes vague reference to the use of the armed forces for defensive purposes only, but this involves considerations of general strategy that raise further important issues—such as what precise meaning we are to attach to the idea of a purely defensive military body. There are additional implications here for combat effectiveness, and here too the author's omissions are disheartening, for they suggest that he could not or did not choose to take a sufficiently philosophic view of his subject to allow some of the real problems to emerge.

Similarly, in limiting his discussion, Barnes leaves confusing gaps and inconsistencies in his argument for a large draft army. He tacitly accepts a force level of 2 million to 3 million men despite his earlier mention that the founding fathers believed that the size of a standing army could not exceed 1 per cent of the population without endangering the liberties of the nation. Perhaps his acceptance of such a large force reflects a surrender to the militaristic fatalism that has come to characterize the civilian population of the country. Or perhaps he felt that he did not have the space or the energy to deal in this book with the complicated questions posed by the alternative of the all-volunteer army. It is certainly true that a much larger work would be required if the author were to deal adequately with such issues and also give the requisite attention to the specific reform measures he explores.

Within the limitations that I have mentioned, however, that exploration is thorough and convincing. Barnes's comparison of early and present-day military policy demonstrates the historic need for better legal protection of our soldiers. It is certainly past time for a re-evaluation of the arbitrary military control over the lives of the men who fight to defend the Constitution but derive precious little benefit from its guarantees. □

ALTADENA FOOTHILLS

frogs
with their rainbows of sound

what I can't see in the ravine below
I know must be moist

Barbara Hughes

Scapegoat and Weathercock

MODERN BLACK NOVELISTS. *Edited by M. G. Cooke. Prentice-Hall. 219 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT
Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He is at present working on a study of fiction written by black American authors since World War II.*

This is another volume in Twentieth Century Views, a series intended to provide "the best in contemporary critical opinion on major authors" and "a twentieth century perspective of their changing status in an era of profound revaluation." The essays appearing in this volume have all been published elsewhere, and may indeed be the best on the subject. If so, *Modern Black Novelists* is evidence that not enough able critics have been devoting attention to the fiction of black Americans, Africans and West Indians.

The most distinguished essay is by Robert Bone, author of *The Negro Novel in America.* He is the best critic of American fiction by black authors around. No one else that I know of has the knowledge and the sensibility, the confidence and lucidity of style to excite us with generalizations that unexpectedly open up wide regions of meaning. For example, in the piece appearing in this volume, "Ralph Ellison and the Uses of Imagination," Bone refers to Ellison's use of the picaresque. It is a form, he says, that emerged at a time when feudal class barriers were breaking down and the rising bourgeoisie were reaching out toward new and untried social forms. *Invisible Man* illustrates a similar break on the part of America's minority groups "with institutions of the past and the emergence into an epoch of personal freedom and individual moral responsibility."

Bone also finds illuminating ties between Ellison and the American transcendentalists. "The bursting forth of Negro personality from the fixed boundaries of southern life is Ellison's essential theme. And it is this, at bottom, that attracts him to the transcendentalists. For what was the central theme of Thoreau, Emerson, and Whitman, if not the journeying forth of the soul?" As Bone treats him, Ellison is the representative black writer, for he incorporates in his fiction the past and the present, the black and the white, jazz, blues, folk tales, and the work of Kafka, Joyce, Faulkner. And he expresses in his writing the really human truth of the black and the white in America and elsewhere, that each contains qualities of immense value for the other.

Many of the other essays in the collection suffer by comparison with Bone's, especially the editor's Introduction. Compared with the revelatory but unaffected prose of Bone, Cooke's is muddy and jargonish. Even so, Cooke has a valid,

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if somewhat obvious, thesis, and it has guided his selection of criticism. It is that in the modern world the black man has ceased to be a "scapegoat" for whites and has become a "weathercock," pointing to the changes in Western culture and hinting at the direction in which those changes will take us. Whatever black authors have to say about themselves and whites is therefore of special significance. Thus Cooke has collected essays that examine novels dealing with the value and dignity of blackness, suggesting ways in which the black-white conflict might be resolved, searching for black identity in a black history that has been suppressed or distorted by whites.

The book is divided into four parts. The "Manifesto" section that leads it off contains three essays designed to illustrate the concept of blackness as it applies to literature. Two of the essays, one by Ezekiel Mphahlele and another by Abiola Irele, deal with "negritude," the African equivalent of America's "black is beautiful." Irele sees all Western civilization as a derivative of black African culture transmitted through Egypt. Mphahlele, writing in response to a widely expressed contention that there is a mystical difference in quality between the black imagination and the white, claims that whatever distinctiveness there is in the black mind and psyche is an accident of geography and culture: "Simply because we respond intensely to situations is no reason why we should think non-Africans are incapable of doing so, or that we are the only section of the human race who are full of passionate intensity."

The third contributor to this section is the West Indian novelist Wilson Harris, who writes about the relationship between the traditional novel form and the contemporary West Indian's search for identity. This section is weakened by the unaccountable absence of an American hand. Indeed, the way Cooke has handled black American authors constitutes the least satisfactory part of the book. For one thing, his bibliography contains puzzling omissions. Granted it's a "Selected Bibliography." Granted it can't include every novelist you can think of. But to include Ronald Fair (only one title, too) and Julian Mayfield (all three of his novels), and exclude William Melvin Kelley, Ernest J. Gaines and Ishmael Reed is to distort the contemporary scene in America.

Furthermore, reading the essays in the American section, one gets the impression that the only black writers producing fiction in America for the last twenty years are Ellison, James Baldwin and Richard Wright. In the four pieces making up this part, only three novels are represented: *Invisible Man, Go Tell It on the Mountain* and *The Outsider*. We don't even get a reference to the talented and prolific John A. Williams, or to Julian Mayfield, Ronald Fair, Henry Van Dyke or the three authors mentioned in the previous paragraph—Kelley, Gaines and Reed. There is a greater irony in this section, too, than in the others. All the essayists are white.

The narrowness of the American section is in contrast with a set of essays in the sections on Africa and the West Indies that gives us a sense of a real literary awakening, an exciting and important upsurge of creativity. Except for the fairly commonplace quality of the criticism, these are the most interesting parts of the collection. We Americans tend to be too provincial. We refuse to learn any languages but American English. And by and large, we don't even know much of what's going on in the literature of our own hemisphere, much less that of so distant a place as Africa or so "unimportant" an area as the West Indies.

For this reason, *Modern Black Novelists* is a timely book; in it we come upon significant works that are unfamiliar to us and subjects and settings that are strange. Reading about novelists like Alex La Guma, Cyprian Edwensi, Chinua Achebe, Mongo Beti, Camara Laye, is like steaming along the coast of Africa with Conrad's Marlow, watching the enigmatic shoreline that throbs with an alien existence, and beckons "come and find out." We get the feeling that the body of African fiction is as huge as the land itself, that these commentaries only describe its periphery, and that the entire continent awaits us.

The four essays in this section deal with eight novelists, and they reflect a wide variety of concerns and approaches. Camara Laye writes novels about his native Guinea that look inward to the sealed life of the African native, displaying no awareness of the problem of Western influence. If there is any assimilating to be done, he suggests, the white man is going to have to do it. Mongo Beti laughs at both the Westerner and the native African, concluding that Western influence is only superficial and temporary, and that now that young Africans are at the crossroads, they must decide upon their own direction without the constraint of doctrine or ideology. Younger and less established novelists are preoccupied with the Westernization of Africa and with the ways that Westernization can be resisted.

These themes are certainly important, especially in their reflection of concerns of international scope. But while I was reading the analyses, my interest kept shifting to other subjects, to the inherent interest for an American of the dress, the ceremonies, the religious beliefs, the everyday lives of native Africans that still seem to us so exotic. That world is important for all Americans to know, for remote as it might be, it contains clues to our own national character, whose shape has been so heavily influenced by the black man from Africa. Indeed, collections like this one may be the harbingers of a realignment of Western historical assumptions. We may come to find that the way we grasp the world is not only Anglo-Saxon and Western European but African as well.

The picture of West Indian fiction conveyed by this collection is somewhat more limited than the one we get from Africa. There seems to be a smaller group of writers, and the members of that group seem to write essays about one another as well as novels of their own. The Guyanan Wilson Harris contributes his essay to the "Manifesto" section in which he talks about the Jamaican John Hearne, while Hearne writes an essay about Harris for the West Indian section. Also, the problems of identity of the West Indian novelists seem more acute than those of the black American and African. Maybe it's because the Caribbean is so tenuous a territory, a scattering of islands and a strip or two of mainland.

For example, Hearne's essay shows Harris straining, rather awkwardly, to create a West Indian myth, showing a mystical relationship between time, place and the black West Indian. His *Palace of the Peacock* is about a journey by boat up an unnamed Guyanese river in search of some ideal past—or better, some significant source of West Indian life. It sounds like an imitation of *Heart of Darkness*, and judging from Hearne's quotations it is heavy going. On the other hand, in V.S. Naipaul, Gordon Rohler shows us a man who regards the idea of a West Indian identity with some contempt, and who depicts the "futility" of its history with a dry Forsterian irony.

Yet, Gerald Moore suggests that V. S. Reid's novel *New Day*, published in 1947, does fairly easily what Harris strains to do. It is, says Moore, the spearhead of a new attitude, manifested in the feeling of respect toward, and kinship with, a past that has hitherto borne the stamp of ignominy. The language especially reflects a zest recovered from the 19th-century Jamaican country dialect, which is used by the narrator:

> I remember I remember one August morning when rain was a-drown the earth. For two weeks now the sun had no' shone. Black is the morning, black the evening, and Mas'r God's heaven does no look on us at all.

The most important thing about this

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collection for us is that it shows that black American novelists are not writing in a vacuum, but that their concerns with identity, with the past, with political power, and with the intrinsic value of their culture are shared by blacks all over the world. It shows that these concerns have energized an entire new literature, related under the surface in an archetypal way but differing greatly in its surface manifestations. And it shows that perhaps the time has come for critics to turn their own energies away from the old favorites—the Joyces, the Kafkas, the Manns, the Faulkners—to this new body of work. □

The Computer as Pallbearer

WORLD DYNAMICS. *By Jay W. Forrester. Wright-Allen Press. 142 pp. $9.75.*

S. FRED SINGER
Mr. Singer is professor of environmental sciences and member of the Center for Advanced Studies at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. He is editor and co-author of Is There An Optimum Level of Population? *(McGraw-Hill).*

It would be a tragedy if persons in policy-making positions were to take seriously the results of the computer studies which Professor Forrester of M.I.T. describes in this book. His conclusions have already been reported widely—from Congressional hearings to *Playboy* and a recent issue of *Time*. They are represented by a set of curves purporting to show world population, pollution, quality of life, etc., as wildly going up and down over the coming decades. Anyone glancing at these incredible results will find it difficult to believe that the Club of Rome, a self-assembled international group of technocrats which sponsored Forrester's work, "will bring out a reportedly sensational study next month," as quoted breathlessly by Claire Sterling in *The Washington Post* (January 5, 1972). What could be more sensational than the disappearance of most of the world's population in a matter of a few years?

Unfortunately, there will be people who will confuse these calculations with the real world, or believe that just because they have come out of a computer they have application to the real world. Apparently the Club of Rome thinks so. For a more professional assessment one may wish to consult a reasoned, if perhaps uncharitable, review by Prof. Martin Shubik of Yale which appeared in the December 3, 1971 issue of *Science*, the journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. A kinder assessment of Forrester's work would be: (*1*) it shows that one cannot use intuition in order to arrive at answers to complicated problems; and (*2*) mathematical modeling of social phenomena can lead to some pretty strange results if the relationships between variables are chosen in a particular way.

It is a truism that you can get out of a mathematical model only what you put into it—even if it is run on the fanciest computer. This book has the trappings of professionalism: there are flow diagrams, computer programs and more. Even the graphs are plotted by the computer. Unfortunately, Forrester's model is constructed without benefit of valid data, without reference to economics, and even without demography or sociology. This is not a very good way to make useful predictions about future population trends, or about anything else. For example, natural resources don't just peter out; their cost increases as they become scarce, or substitutions take place. Forrester ignores the fact that pollution can be abated—again at a cost. He assumes that people die off rapidly as pollution increases. (They don't; rivers and lakes may stink, but people will disinfect their drinking water.) And he even picks up a discarded Malthusian concept: as quality of life goes up, population will increase rapidly. (It doesn't; in the wealthy countries the trend has been toward zero growth.)

It is small wonder that he gets "gee-whiz" curves and arrives at such eye-popping prescriptions as: (*1*) it makes no sense to slow population growth on a planet-wide basis; (*2*) technological advances are all counterproductive (including, I suppose, high-yielding varieties of wheat and rice, or new sources of energy to replace our dwindling oil and gas reserves); and (*3*) salvation lies in a "planned decline in industrial and agricultural investment," particularly for the poorer countries (i.e., enforced starvation).

It is strange to find Professor Forrester, an electrical engineer and recognized expert on computer hardware, taking such a dim view of technology. He does not even acknowledge anywhere in his book that economic growth, produced primarily by technological progress, has greatly

"Hate America? I don't hate America. I regret it! I regret that Columbus ever discovered it!" —SIGMUND FREUD

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■ This book presents the hard-hitting critical views of Dickens, Gorky, Lenin, Freud, H.G. Wells and 20 other distinguished foreigners—from 1770 to 1970—in a powerful indictment of the American way of life. *Broken Image* makes no attempt at a balanced view. These critiques are harsh, often biased. But they present a fascinating picture of American society as seen through some of the most brilliant foreign minds—a picture that Americans will find provocative and enlightening.

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improved the well-being of the average person—and not just in terms of per capita GNP.

We can learn from this book that model building without any empirical content is deceptive, to say the least. On the other hand, if data from the real world are used to derive relationships, and if the key variables are at least defined and numerically measured, then models can be quite valuable. But one must always remember that a model is only a model.

I personally don't have much faith in the construction of a world model, for I don't think that one can lump together all of the world's population, all the world's economies and all the world's pollution, and make meaningful statements about these. On the other hand, I do believe that it is possible to represent the United States by a model and that even a simple model has some value. The reason is that the U.S. economy is reasonably homogeneous and not too dependent on the economies of the rest of the world.

A U.S. model would *not* show any rapid rise of pollution; we have decided, by political processes, that we will not permit the environment to deteriorate and that we are willing to pay the necessary costs. Since these pollution control costs should rise somewhat faster than the GNP, there may come a point when further growth of the kind that we are used to will simply become too expensive: our economy will grow but it won't increase the well being of the average person. We may reach a level of population where a further increase will in fact lower quality of life—or perhaps we have already passed this level. Almost everybody these days agrees that growth of population, consumption, GNP, etc., cannot increase indefinitely on a finite earth, but we don't really know where the optimum level is because the matter has not been properly investigated. This investigation, and particularly any prediction into the future, does require a model, a demographic-econometric model, which Forrester's is not. And if the model is complicated enough so that the calculations cannot readily be done by hand, then it becomes appropriate to use a computer.

And that is really all that the computer does for us: by taking over the burden of numerical calculation it allows us to construct and "exercise" more complicated and therefore more realistic models of the real world. □

Stalin—Stevedore & Psychiatrist

LET HISTORY JUDGE. *By Roy A. Medvedev. Alfred A. Knopf. 566 pp. $12.50.*

A QUESTION OF MADNESS. *By Zhores A. and Roy A. Medvedev. Alfred A. Knopf. 223 pp. $5.95.*

DESMOND SMITH

A frequent visitor to the Soviet Union, Mr. Smith is on the staff of CBS News. His first book, Women in Russia, *will be published shortly by Macmillan. He is now completing a guidebook to Moscow for Thomas Y. Crowell.*

Once, in Rostov-on-Don, as I was waiting for friends to join me on the steps of the Hotel Intourist, I fell into conversation with a middle-aged American couple from New York City. They were enjoying their visit to the Soviet Union immensely. Like most American visitors they had begun their trip with a great deal of trepidation. Afraid that their hotel room in Moscow might have been bugged, they had spent their first night in a search for suspicious wiring. Of course they had found nothing and now, a week later, they were both enthusiastic over their sightseeing: day-care centers with laughing children and smiling nurses; *Rakete* hydrofoils that whizzed travelers up and down the Don River at 40 miles an hour; new housing, going up everywhere at breakneck speed, and so on. Above all, they had been struck by the prevailing sense of law and order. Coming from New York City, they were deeply impressed by the possibility of walking about at night in Russian parks and public places, the honesty of hotel servants, and the kindliness of Soviet cops. "You know," said the man from New York, "I really fell for that cold-war stuff back in the fifties. I guess Stalin wasn't quite the villain that he was painted."

Ever since Lincoln Steffens visited the Soviet Union in the 1920s and wrote a friend, "I have seen the future, and it works," there has been a swelling stream of distinguished visitors who have echoed the same chorus. Theodore Dreiser, too, noticed that the streets were safe and clean, that smiling *komsomolskayas* everywhere reflected enthusiasm for the revolutionary life. During the famine years of the thirties, George Bernard Shaw declared that all talk of a food shortage in Russia was nonsense and that he had never been so overstuffed in his life as since he had crossed the Soviet frontier. The almost unbelievable credulity of these educated tourists doubtless astonished even Soviet officials used to dealing with foreign visitors. Prof. Julian Huxley, for example, had no difficulty believing that "Stalin himself sometimes comes down to the Moscow goods sidings to help."

Readers who have a genuine love for the Russian people, and an interest in the mistakes as well as the triumphs of Soviet society, will welcome Roy Medvedev's extraordinary study of the origins and consequences of Stalinism.

Let History Judge was written several years ago and has yet to be published in Russia. Roy Medvedev is no radical bent on destroying the Soviet regime. His book is scholarly, honest and very readable. It represents years of research, and includes much material hitherto inaccessible to Western scholars.

Both the rise of Stalin and his ruthless transformation of Lenin's Communist Party into an "ecclesiastical organization with a sharp distinction between ordinary people and leader-priests headed by their infallible pope," are here beautifully described and fitted into the larger events which surrounded them.

Readers who expect the enigma of Stalin's personality to be solved in *Let History Judge* will be disappointed; it tells no more about Stalin than we already know. Instead, the author focuses on Stalin's methods. Professor Medvedev's thesis is that the Soviet system was perverted by Stalin, and that the man Lenin did *not* want to be his successor ("Comrade Stalin is too rude. . ." wrote Lenin in his testament) succeeded by ruthless perseverance. Stalin's double campaign, first to get rid of the "Left Opposition" of Zinoviev, Kamenev and Trotsky, secondly the "Right Opposition" of Bukharin, Tomsky and Radek, is chillingly detailed. Bringing the whole of Soviet life under the control of the secret police, Stalin governed by personal despotism sustained by mass terror. Not only writers, artists and philosophers but also scientists, army officers, teachers and party officials were punished for having thoughts of their own under Stalinism. As George Orwell has observed, it is almost impossible to think without talking—in the 1930s there was no *samizdat* (clandestine circulation of works in manuscript) in Russia. Between 1936 and 1938 the scale of the terror increased: ". . . The NKVD arrested and killed, within two years, more Communists than had been lost in all the years of the underground struggle, the three revolutions, and the Civil War."

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FROM THE BALCONY

Space abstracts the body, and the eye,
more avid, reaches toward some clinging point
way way off. But it is the twilight,
gentle and victorious as an undertaker . . .
O there are weeping mysteries here, something
I knew that I've forgot, some creature-thought
yawning its drowsy dim way to the lap
of a little cave. At times like these one feels
suddenly one has misplaced the whole sky.
Now hill and sea are asleep in caves,
and far away the ancient port lights up
and little roads on the slope are lit and go
floating off in the dark immensity.
More, more lights! cries the eye demanding only
the impossible. Grand burial in the air,
the stars in procession—is it my body there,
my eye following it aloft over the city
and over all and on and out of the world?

Irving Feldman

Old Bolsheviks who had been imprisoned by the Czarist government found themselves imprisoned anew by the NKVD, often in the same corridor of the same prison. After weeks, sometimes months, of inhuman punishment or torture, the "enemy of the people" would be brought to trial, usually accused of "wrecking." What always amazed foreign journalists was the readiness of the accused to confess his guilt. The mass trials, especially those conducted in Moscow by Prosecutor Vishinsky, seemed so legal and aboveboard. Joseph E. Davis, Roosevelt's special Ambassador to Moscow, could not understand the Moscow trials. Lion Feuchtwanger, who came to interview Stalin in 1937, described him as a "simple, good-natured man," who "appreciated humor and was not offended by criticism of himself." Feuchtwanger told his readers that the trials were linked to the "democratization of Soviet society." Professor Medvedev handily demolishes this kind of poppycock. The pity is that his able and well-documented study of Stalinism is not likely to be freely available in his own country in the foreseeable future. As he notes in a foreword: "Communists cannot bury their heads in sand, trying not to notice what was and what still is bad in their political and social life. We must soberly and dispassionately investigate these difficult problems of the Communist movement."

It is now almost twenty years since Stalin died, and the Soviet Union is no longer run on all levels like a house of correction. Under the Brezhnev-Kosygin-Podgorny troika, the "cult of personality" has been junked, and, to outside observers—especially radicals—the differences between the Moscow bureaucracy and the Washington bureaucracy often seem slight. There has even been propounded a theory of "convergence," and various American think tanks have produced scenarios that show the "inevitable" coming together—via technocracy—of the two nations. Indeed, only recently *The New York Times* noted that a high official of the Central Committee was poking about Washington studying IBM and other computer procedures to help in reorganizing Mr. Brezhnev's paper work. Like the United States, the contemporary Soviet Union is an essentially conservative society, where conformism is rewarded and dissent punished. It is still a country, however, where an intellectual has to be exceptionally careful about wandering beyond the permissible limits—as *A Question of Madness* reveals.

Mr. Zhores Medvedev is a well-known Soviet biologist and gerontologist; his twin brother, Roy, is a historian. Together they have written a kind of diary that describes how, in the summer of 1970, Zhores Medvedev was railroaded into a mental hospital. Once inside he was diagnosed as an "incipient schizophrenic" with "paranoid delusions of reforming society." Repression-by-psychiatry has been a dismaying aspect of post-Stalin Russia. In the case of Zhores Medvedev the activities which aroused the ire of officials were *(1)* several manuscripts that had been published (without his permission) in the West and *(2)* a book, *Biology and the Cult of Personality*, which was an attack on the work of Lysenko. Rather than take the legal route of an open political trial and risk the adverse publicity that such trials arouse outside Russia, the authorities attempted to declare Zhores officially insane. Unfortunately for them, nothing in his writings provided genuine grounds for compulsory psychiatric treatment, and he was too well known to be arrested by the KGB without any questions being raised.

A good deal of the Medvedevs' account is taken up with the farcical struggle to declare Zhores insane. Thus, for instance, when Roy Medvedev came down from Moscow to demand an explanation, Dr. Alexander Lifshitz, chief doctor at the Kaluga psychiatric hospital, told him he had read Zhores' manuscript on Lysenko and on that basis "began to have doubts about the sanity of the person who had written it." Outraged, Roy Medvedev hurried back to Moscow and began to rally public opinion both at home and abroad. Academician Sakharov drafted a letter of protest. Alexander Solzhenitsyn issued his celebrated "This Is How We Live," in which he charged that "the imprisonment of sane persons in madhouses because they have minds of their own is spiritual murder." For three weeks various medical commissions examined Zhores, his political views, his writings, his relations with co-workers—finally concluding that he was suffering from such symptoms as "an exaggerated opinion of himself" and "poor adaptation to the social environment."

Such a diagnosis could not justify confinement and "treatment" (usually by means of powerful depressants aimed at breaking the patient's morale). So, after

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endless delays, admonitions and dozens of conferences, Zhores was finally released, and even promised assistance in finding a job.

In a concluding note, Roy Medvedev reminds his readers that traces of Stalinism still exist in Soviet society. "One of the most serious inadequacies of our present political structure is that it is based on the assumption of total ideological uniformity throughout our society. No provision is made for divergent views, and normal dialogue cannot take place within the Party or outside." □

Why They Spoke Well of Lincoln

THE IMAGE OF LINCOLN IN THE SOUTH. *By Michael Davis. The University of Tennessee Press. 205 pp. $7.95.*

CHRISTOPHER DELL
Mr. Dell is a writer and historian on the staff of the Library of Congress. He is the author of a forthcoming study, Lincoln and the War Democrats.

From the moment Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, almost everybody of consequence has declared his admiration for the Great Man—including even the people he defeated in war, and the people whose property he confiscated in war, and the people whose way of life he banished forever from the continent. It is all very astonishing. Almost astonishing enough to arouse your suspicions.

But that is the way it worked out.

During the full course of the Civil War, Lincoln was an object of hatred in the eyes of the pro-slavery forces of the South, fighting for Southern independence, and the pro-slavery forces of the North, hoping that no matter who won the war slavery might somehow be spared.

The moment before Lincoln died, Conservative politicians and editors, North and South, were damning him on every hand—and with good reason. For it was he who had wrecked the grand old network of conservative, pro-slavery tradition that had controlled American destinies from 1776 to 1861. Not the Radicals in Congress nor the Abolitionists of Boston and the Western Reserve but Lincoln himself. It was he who had issued the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation (which scared the South to death) and the final Proclamation (which was stronger). Although questioning the legality of the confiscation policies advocated by the Radicals in Congress, he allowed the execution of the Confiscation Acts. He armed the Negroes and bid them kill the white men of the South (which they did, in large number). He spurned a negotiated peace, proposed by his advisers as a substitute for emancipation as a war aim. He approved passage of the anti-slavery Thirteenth Amendment, and (in the final political actions of his life) declared in favor of voting rights for Negro veterans and education for all Negro children, at public expense —to the shock and horror of Conservatives.

Yet the moment he was dead, the great mass of Conservatives rushed forward to seize upon Lincoln, attempting to identify themselves with him, as though somehow, silently, they had done so all along. Having adopted this surprising position, the Conservatives, North and South, went further, hailing the martyred President as the intended savior of Conservative traditions in the postwar South. A careful study of this remarkable about-face—the transformation of Lincoln haters to Lincoln lovers (complete with something in the nature of a detailed explanation)—would be a valuable contribution to Civil War historiography.

Michael Davis has written a book describing that very transition in Conservative Southern thinking after Lincoln's death. He has done an interesting job, scholarly and well written. His great shortcoming is that he devotes most of his attention to the wartime period (when almost everybody in the South was angry with Lincoln) and not enough to the postwar period (when so many Southerners were swinging around to Lincoln's support). The reasons impelling Southern Conservatives to hate the Northern President in wartime are clear enough without explanation; yet they are thoroughly explained in this account. The reasons impelling Southern Conservatives to decide, in the postwar period, that Lincoln really was a good man after all, are unclear unless explained in great detail—and the detail is insufficient here.

The official basis for Conservative alignment with Lincoln following his death was his long association with the so-called "Conservative" wing of the Republican Party, as opposed to the Radical wing. Speaking as a Conservative, Lincoln had promised to deal without malice with the people who had sought to wreck the Union beneath the banner of secession. It was therefore clear to all Conservatives, after the war, that Lincoln (had he lived) would have returned political authority to the Conservative Disunionists of the South and allowed them to do as they liked politically (irrespective of their treatment of former slaves and white Unionists living in their midst). This was the policy employed by Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson, to the rage and despair of the former slaves and white Unionists trampled by the policy. There was persecution on a wide scale. There were massacres, some big, some small—the biggest at Memphis and New Orleans in 1866. Former slaves and white Unionists were in every instance the victims of the persecution and the massacres. But the Conservatives insisted that Lincoln (had he lived) would have acted in the same manner as President Johnson, despite the resulting riots, murders and political suppression of loyal Union men. There was no choice in the matter, the Conservatives explained. As a Conservative, Lincoln would have had to adopt a Conservative interpretation of the Constitution, as Johnson had done, and with the same results—fatal to the interests of former slaves and white Unionists living in the South.

This thesis, repeated and repeated for generations, is questionable, to say the least. It is entirely likely that Lincoln, had he lived, would have outstripped Thaddeus Stevens and Charles Sumner in the matter of Radical response to the postwar Reconstruction crisis. Having followed a Radical course, from 1862 to 1865, on issue after issue, and having sidestepped the Constitution again and again, whenever it appeared as a Conservative instrument imperiling the prospects of achieving a better world, there is no reason to assume that he would have acted differently in peacetime. All that the Radicals had wanted during the war, Lincoln had eventually provided. He always made them angry by holding back on Radical reform for months at a time, while purring Conservative platitudes, but when the issue was finally decided it was always to Radical advantage. The picture of Lincoln the Radical, which the pro-slavery Conservatives had painted in wartime, was remarkably accurate. Why did they abandon that picture?

There is a moment in this book when Jefferson Davis, who has been a hero for 96 pages, becomes a bum, very suddenly, and Lincoln—previously a scoundrel—becomes a hero in the eyes of a Southern observer. The Southerner in question is Henry Watterson, the journalist, and it would be nice to know why, all of a sudden, he changed his position. Mr. Davis' explanation is hurried, as though it were of slight importance. Although the latter half of the book deals exclu-

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sively with the fact that Southerners in general changed their minds about Lincoln, declaring him a hero, it is characterized by the same tendency to explain none of the mystery. Why did the people who damned Mr. Lincoln as a monster, from 1861 to 1865, finally decide that he was really one of our noblest men—indeed, one of our noblest Southern gentlemen, as they finally got around to saying? How was is possible to distort the image of Lincoln to the point where black-baiters such as James K. Vardaman and Walter L. Fleming were able to argue, without blushing, that Lincoln was, after all, a good Southerner with the interests of the South at heart?

Mr. Davis tells well enough how all this happened, but is reluctant to hazard a guess as to why it happened, and that is unfortunate. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I liked Michael Weller's *Moonchildren* (Royale Theatre). I begin thus bluntly and, from a strictly critical viewpoint perhaps irrelevantly, because I shall say things which may give the opposite impression.

There is vitality in this comedy though its characters bombinate without direction. We do not know at the outset what these college kids want, we are not at last certain where they will "end." They are on no determined path, they are not headed toward any clear goal. Their humorous behavior is self-destructive. We nevertheless feel that life forces are stirring within them. This inner whirr and roil is a kind of rock and roll which has some positive meaning. Young Michael Weller doesn't tell us what it is—he doesn't know—but he sets forth the surface phenomena vivaciously.

Boy and girl students about to graduate, they all live together in a single apartment, share a common refrigerator and meals, some share each other's beds. (Such eccentrics do exist in universities, but are rarely to be found together in one residence.) They put each other and everyone else on, they tease and taunt all outsiders as squares. They are contemptuous of the faculty; they are bright but do not respect the subjects they study. The most earnest of them is puzzled by his own assiduity in reading; he ends attempting to set fire to himself in the Buddhist fashion as a protest against what, we surmise, is the war, but we are not sure even of that. There is a girl who hides—we don't know exactly from what—under tables.

The most cynical of the lot—two brothers—are the best students, probably destined to be "successes." One student gives evidence of "heart," but is incapable of giving it a voice. He gives up the girl he cares for because he cannot bring himself to declare his attachment to her. He loves his mother, but the sight of her dead body arouses his disgust. There is sex play but no passion. In the funniest of scenes the landlord who comes to collect the rent (always in arrears) envies his juvenile tenants their "freedom": they are bound by no rules such as those which govern his life.

Jokes are cracked (too many and too extended) and constant activity is engaged in but nothing *happens*. When they all depart hardly anything is resolved; they are left up in the air, empty. No point is made, but that is the point. There is an oblique pathos in this, but we are not moved to tears, nor does the author expect us to be. We cannot forget that the youth most endowed with sensibility, verbally eloquent but emotionally mute, skeptical of all values including his education, throws in the towel by announcing that he will accept being drafted though he is surely indifferent to the issues involved. The students all join in an anti-war demonstration, but even that is more a lark than a gesture of conviction.

What the play expresses, in a sequence of scenes which makes it appear to straggle rather than progress, is that while there are brains, talent, energy and good will—all those assets we think of as "human potential"—in our youth and in our country, there is no faith, no guiding and binding moral principle to structure our lives, give it dignity, and creative force. There is inner chaos which I, rather than the author, infer must lead to social cancer and dissolution.

In a way the play is a cartoon. It deals with reality but it is no more "realistic" than is Hogarth if we think of his work as a true representation of England's 18th century. Though the play is unified in its scenic locale, it is serial in construction, one comedy turn after another, creating the effect of caricature. Yet there is truth in it, symbolic rather than literal.

I mention Hogarth's England possibly because seeing Weller's play I was reminded of *Look Back in Anger* which was significant of the English young in 1956, while *Moonchildren* speaks of our youth in the late sixties, though in both cases the time and the class have further extension. Osborne's world was both regretful and scornful of the past, but even more irate about the lethargy and dead end of the present. It was frustrated and confusedly wrathful because the road ahead appeared cut off. Weller's world is seemingly without a past and apparently no redeeming future. Weller's world is more frivolous, hence more damned.

Weller, like Osborne, can write. He is less rhetorical than Osborne, less "cultivated" and perhaps less conscious, but in his clownish swipes he cuts even more sharply to the bone. We know what has happened to Osborne—with a more ample vocabulary and greater sophistication he is now possessed by a morbidly impotent rage; I look forward to Weller's development and wonder where (and if) he will "come out."

Under Alan Schneider's direction, the company, which originally played *Moonchildren* at the Washington Arena Stage, acts well and forms a lively and truly coherent team. (Only the opening night audience, I felt, was miscast.) There are no bad performances and some, like those of Kevin Conway as a roguish gadfly, Cara Duff-MacCormick as the girl who seeks refuge under tables, Robert Prosky as the befuddled landlord, Christopher Guest as the "Parsifal" and would-be martyr of the group, Salem Ludwig in an almost inconspicuous bit are the ones I especially appreciated. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Whitney Annual has gone from square to cool in the last few years. The curators now base their choices for the show on an informed canon of taste. This year and lately there are representative works covering current trends, but I don't want to review the show. Nor do I want to attack it, because it is certainly better selected than it used to be.

John Baur in his catalog foreword reminds us that "the purpose of the Annuals has always been to survey the current state of American art." This Annual surveys a part of the scene well enough, that part of it that is conformable to the taste of the curators. Their taste is a part of the general support system behind new art, which includes dealers, art critics and collectors. In the past twenty years a consensus, informal but stifling, has been arrived at, by which painting is sorted according to ideas of originality, formality and historical relevance. These ideas place great store on doing it first, holding the picture plane flat, and relating to hip precedent. A lot of my own criticism is based on these notions. I wonder if the Whitney Annual needs to be.

The Annuals do not function efficiently to distribute fresh information. That is because in New York the level of in-

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formation about the kind of art shown in the Annuals is already very high. Our knowledge of photographic realism or lyrical abstraction, for instance, is not advanced by this year's exhibition beyond the point established by the commercial galleries. Robert Doty, the curator, in the Friends of the Whitney Museum's *Newsletter* for February, admits that "we rely very heavily on dealers and galleries in New York for the artists we select." Some years ago, when modern painting was underexposed, the Annuals would have had an informational purpose if they had been better selected, but what has happened is that they have improved only as the need for them decreased.

The problem of selection for the Annuals is compounded by the decline of the prestige of modernist aesthetics. That theory of art stresses visual judgment in isolation from other factors and assumes that such judgment is the operation of special, highly trained sensibility. Its exhaustion is partly internal—the diminishing results after generations of use, and partly external—recognition of the stylistic diversity of 20th-century art. As the theory weakens, one of the assumptions of good taste, such as curators work by, is removed. In addition, the unanticipated upsurge from "outside" or "below" the narrowly defined art world has raised fundamental doubt about the absoluteness of the identification of art with the educated. This view is now assumed to be an ideological weapon against women, black and Puerto Rican artists. It is true not in the sense of a conspiracy but as a social fact: the taste of curators is obviously going to be limited by the education that led up to their appointment. These limits are also skills and there are many forms of exhibition in which they are the source of insight and knowledge. My doubt is that big mixed shows should any longer be filtered by curatorial taste. We might consider other ways of organizing the Annuals.

Although the inertia of institutions is mainly what we hear about, their vulnerability to comparatively small groups is equally evident. It did not take many students or much organization to close the Venice Biennale briefly and to postpone the prizes in 1968. In the fall of 1970 a group formed of the Art Workers' Coalition, Art Strike and unaffiliated women artists demanded that 50 per cent of the Whitney Annual be devoted to women. This or any other quota system was rightly rejected by the museum, as it would have perpetuated jumble and surrendered aesthetic judgments to permanent political manipulation. However, there was a change in the next Annual: women artists were in a ratio of 1 to 5 in 1970, whereas in 1969 the ratio had been 1 to 18, and in 1968, 1 to 13. This year the ratio is 1 to 3, a sign that militancy pays off.

Since the Annual's informational level is low and since the curators' tastes, as revealed by the shows, are shaped by training of a particular sort, I suggest that they no longer organize the show. It is not a question of getting guest curators of the regular type to do it because they would be more of the same. The Annual should be handed over to special interest groups for exhibitions presented on the basis of sex and race. Women artists (black women artists might want their own show), black artists and Puerto Rican artists should be given the space on the museum's calendar and the funds to present the shows they are struggling to put on now. It would not weaken the rest of the museum's program, on which the curators would work as usual; on the contrary, it would extend and strengthen the cultural balance of the museum. I would not expect the Whitney to commit itself to such shows forever, just as I hope the present form of the Annual changes now. The Whitney, like other musuems, is under pressure to show the work of minority groups. It would not be giving in to lobbying to do so, because the discontent is historically rooted and widely shared; it would reveal an understanding of a change in our culture to open up the Annuals. This step would bring forward a new set of names and range of styles unknown to current museum taste.

In January 1971 a group of women artists met the curators of the Whitney (Doty, James Monte, Marcia Tucker) to demand women's shows and publications. Discussing the selection of the Annual, Doty said that after traveling around the country and visiting studios, "I come home and collapse." If the Annual were taken away from the curators they would be spared this ordeal.

An approximate precedent for the new form of Annual is the Salon des Refusés which Napoleon III established in 1863 when the jury of the official Salon rejected no less than 4,000 paintings. The Emperor ordered the rejects shown in galleries next to the official show and it included, as we all know, Bracquemond, Cézanne, Fantin Latour, Jongkind, Legros, Pissarro, Whistler and Manet's "Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe." The rejected artists had the choice of withdrawing from the Refusés if they preferred and the show was as much a scandal as a success, but it is recognized now as a key date in the freeing of artists from tyrannical institutions. We are at a point in history when another reform in the rules is necessary, and of the museums in New York the Whitney Museum of *American* Art alone has the means to do it. It is something that is inconceivable at the Metropolitan, Modern or Guggenheim museums. □

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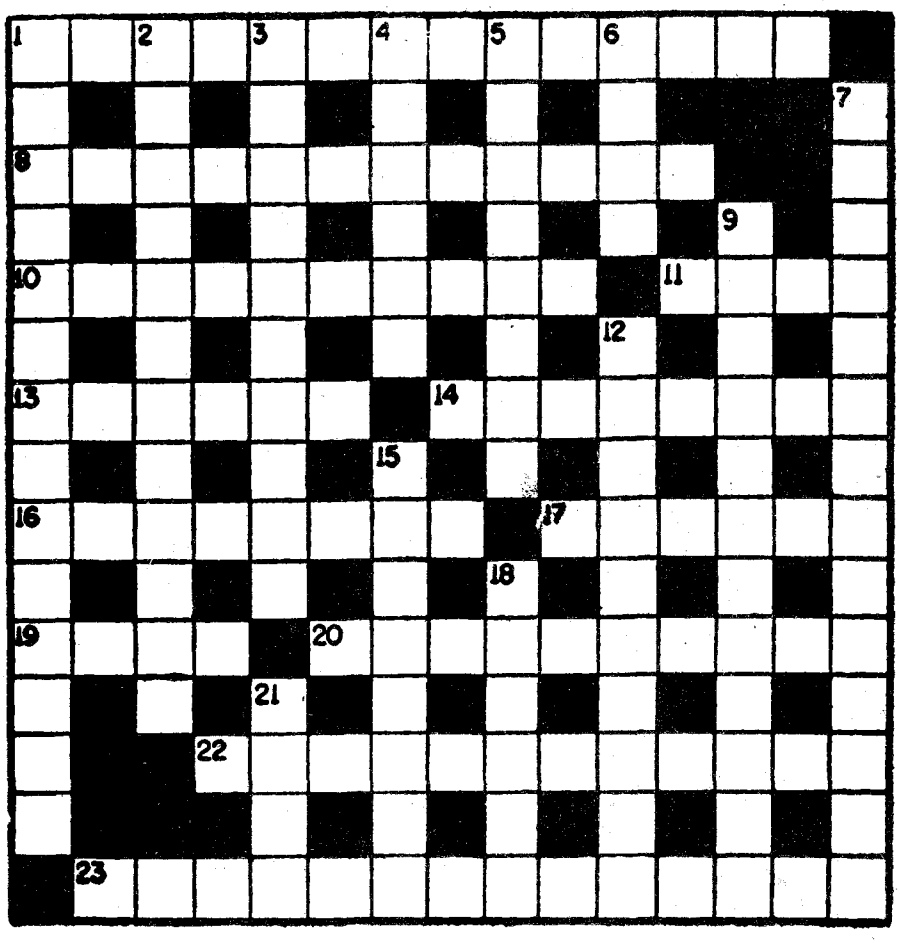
Crossword Puzzle No. 1433

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Implying most people aren't very smart, when it comes to winning the vote. (6,8)
8 How a careful person might give an opinion, or perhaps a later idea. (12)
10 A couple of short months is no setting for such mixtures. (10)
11 Such spirits are not exactly ripe! (4)
13 Tell stories about the dead? (6)
14 Watch the bubble in the glass—it's probably about ear-high, too. (3-5)
16 Where ladies used to sit and pout or sulk, according to the French. (8)
17 Certainly not hot—that is, for a low-paid laborer. (6)
19 See 21 down
20 Would such language leave an Indian thus confused? (10)
22 Not the usual spell of the old historian. (12)
23 This bird shows signs of rage turning two colors first. (7,7)

DOWN

1 Flag holder? (8,6)
2 Carefully, right down to the minute. (12)
3 Is Leo about, or one cat inside a sort of sheath? (10)
4 Is the popular Broadway offering overstated, in brief? (It might involve quite a yarn.) (6)
5 They reputedly end in lovers' meetings. (8)
6 River valley—Capek's play about the head of Haiti. (4)
7 Class book? (6,8)
9 Having a second going-over, as a rule, given at a shake-down. (12)
12 Would it be blue, if someone in 7 caused it by accident? (10)
15 Like a well-done frozen statue, or just a trick? (8)
18 In our time an opening might be coming. (6)
21 and 19 across Is Yogi perhaps qualified to be the sort you can tolerate? (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1432

ACROSS: 1 Andrew Johnson; 9 Pinks; 10 Operand; 12 Eagerly; 13 Raise; 14 Interment; 16 Announcer; 18 Flesh; 19 Illegal; 21 Swagger; 22 Naval Base; 23 Conic; 24 Nervelessness. DOWN: 1 Appropriations; 2 Dandelion; 3 Enslave; 4 Japed; 5 Harvester; 6 Sponger; 7 Niter; 14 Inculcate; 15 Emergence; 17 Ungular; 18 Frances; 20 Liven; 21 Scene.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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PROCLAMATION

State of New York

Executive Chamber

The first ten Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, known as the Bill of Rights, were adopted on December 15, 1791.

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, and other rights essential to our way of life were proclaimed in these ten Amendments, and have been indispensable to America's progress and democratic way of life ever since.

These freedoms and the Bill of Rights will endure only if a vigilant citizenry is implacably dedicated to their defense and preservation.

It is therefore most appropriate, on this 180th anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, for all New Yorkers and all Americans to renew their determination to preserve the guarantees afforded by these amendments for all individuals and groups.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Governor of the State of New York, do hereby proclaim the period of December 9-15, 1971, as

BILL OF RIGHTS WEEK

in New York State.

GIVEN under my hand and the Privy Seal of the State at the Capitol in the City of Albany this twenty-fourth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventy-one.

BY THE GOVERNOR

Secretary to the Governor

. . . BUT NOT NOTICED.

Governor Rockefeller's proclamation was presented at the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee's dinner on the occasion of the 180th anniversary of the Bill of Rights but went unreported by the press.

If evidence be needed of the timeliness and relevance of this proclamation, it can be found in THE NATION's special issue by Frank J. Donner and Eugene Cerruti: "The Grand Jury Network: How the Nixon Administration Has Secretly Perverted a Traditional Safeguard of Individual Rights."

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